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COUNTRY LIFE

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GARDENING

MR. CUTHBERT'S GARDEN TALK

LOOKING AHEAD

THIS is the time of the year when all wise gardeners plan their vegetable plots and allotments and make their decisions where and what luscious, health-giving vegetables, they are going to grow in the coming season to supplement the rations. Don't forget you can have a plenitude of food from the garden if you grow it yourself and not repays more the labour spent upon it.

CUTHBERT'S FAMOUS VEGETABLE SEEDS, new season's crop, are now on sale for your convenience in every Woolworth Store. Make sure you get **CUTHBERT'S**. They are the best seeds that money can buy and they definitely "Grow More Food."

Here are some exceptional Garden offers:

GROW YOUR OWN FRUIT

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SOFT FRUIT FOR VITAMINS

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12 **RASPBERRY CANES,**
3 **BLACK CURRANTS,**
3 **RED CURRANTS,**
which I will send for 16/- carriage paid.

MORE OFFERS OF SOFT FRUITS

RASPBERRIES. **LOYD GEORGE** and **NORFOLK PLANT,** 4/- per doz., 30/- per 100, carriage paid.

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CLASSIFIED ANNOUNCEMENTS
CONTINUED ON
INSIDE BACK COVER.

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCI. No. 2349

JANUARY 23, 1942



Marcus Adams

VISCOUNTESS DEVONPORT AND HER DAUGHTER

Lady Devonport is the daughter of the late Colonel Charles Hope Murray and of Mrs. Hope Murray of Morishill, Beith, Ayrshire. Her marriage to Viscount Devonport took place in 1938; her little daughter, the Hon. Marilyn Whitson Kearley, was born in 1939.

COUNTRY LIFE

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The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in COUNTRY LIFE should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

THE WHOLEMEAL LOAF AGAIN

IF wholemeal bread is so much the more nutritive and health giving, as eminent dieticians and the Medical Research Council insist, how is it that, in the third year of war, its consumption by the public is actually decreasing? A few weeks ago it was stated to be 7 per cent., and now 4 per cent. of consumption. The English public apparently has a rooted prejudice for white flour—as Smollett noted with indignation 200 years ago. Yet a standard loaf was devised during the last war, and had the effect intended without producing a revolution. The Government shows no unwillingness to interfere with other items of the national diet in what it considers to be the interests of public health, even when, as there was with milk, there has been an equally widespread and ignorant prejudice against it—now embarrassingly successfully overcome. Apart from the Ministry of Food's making wholemeal flour available and "reinforcing" a proportion of white flour, Lord Woolton "cannot see his way to interfere at this stage" in what dieticians, like Lord Horder and Sir E. Graham-Little, and informed opinion generally, have long united in declaring to be in the country's interest. Non-dietetic reasons suggest themselves. It is said that, if we want the meagre pittance of meal allowed for animal and poultry feedingstuffs, we must stick to white bread, of which they are largely the by-products. Again, wholemeal flour, containing the vital germ of wheat, cannot be stored. There is probably more in these explanations than in the hints of a powerful miller's ring that, having installed American rolling mechanism and instituted effective propaganda for its own products, cannot or will not reverse the wheels. Sir E. Graham-Little has asked that the suspicion that representatives of the millers are using their position in the "cereals division" of the Ministry in this way, should be removed, if unfounded, by appointing an impartial Parliamentary enquiry. Lord Woolton has answered that he is acting on expert advice, but when experts so evidently disagree, the nation, whether white-loafers or wholemealers, is entitled to know why the Government has adopted, in "reinforced" flour, the most controversial of the Medical Council's four recommendations and ignored the rest, including the categorical affirmations that bread should contain the germ of wheat, and that chemical bleaching should be prohibited.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEAS

"ALL that farmers want," said Lord De La Warr, in reply to the *Economist's* charge that farming was making exorbitant demands

on the public purse, "is an effective agricultural plan for this country fitting, as it must, into an international plan for the regulated marketing of foodstuffs at a fair price, cutting off the rake-off of the speculator and such waste as there is in distribution." The international side of the matter must not be lost sight of, as agriculturists were reminded by Mr. Easterbrook's visit to the United States—of which he gave an account at the recent luncheon of the Guild of Agricultural Journalists. Mr. Easterbrook rightly said that his colleagues had the chance of promoting the closest understanding between the farmers of the world whose main problems were much the same as ours. So far as America was concerned his message was that American farmers, though full of the same hopes and fears about the post-war period as our own, were willingly adapting themselves and their farming procedure to meet our needs of dairy produce and pig-meat. This is one instance of effective co-operation. Another is to be found in the Agreement entered into last year between the Home Government and the Dominions of Australia, New Zealand and Canada. This Agreement was framed on a war-time interpretation of all those principles laid down at the Sydney Empire Conference of 1938, at which Sir Reginald Dorman-Smith so ably represented the farmers of this country. When peace comes those principles will have to be extended to all the nations of primary producers throughout the world.

CAVALRY

THROUGH the night silence, lonely, sweet and shrill,
The trumpets sing "Lights Out." The night's clouds blow

Across the moon, their skirts and flying shreds
All silver touched; the black fantastic trees
Weave of the wind a song remote and sad,
And dance with it their ageless tortured dances.
Down the long woodland naves an owl cries
His hollow hooting threat; the fox is gone
On murder's errand; and a-wing above
The hawk goes hunting; in the dark swift stream
The otters play their game, and fishes leap
And gasp and die among the wet black rocks.
Horses are quiet in the stable now,
Sleep standing, while a few lay themselves down
With ungainly heaving motion in the straw.
Suddenly sounds a thunder-stamp of kicks,
On wooden walls and bales, shrill squeals of fear:
A twisted rope straightened, or a rug
Retied once more, and there is peace again.
About the stalls the lanterns of the guard
Flicker and throw uncertain yellow light,
Casting gigantic shadows on the wall,
Through the long tedious hours of the night.
The troop is sleeping in the loft above,
Rolled up in coarse warm blankets; no one stirs;
Too soon their darkness will give way to grey—
The chill grey eastern light—and in the yard,
The trumpets blow Reveille to the dawn.

(TROOPER) L. K. LAWLER,
Warwickshire Yeomanry.

THE BLACK CAP

THE other evening a play about a murder trial was broadcast in the Home Service programme. It was called *The Black Cap*, and it told how a husband and wife, with a witness who gave perjured evidence, conspired to obtain a death sentence on the wife in order to win a bet. She was supposed to have pushed her husband over a cliff after a carefully staged quarrel, but as soon as the sentence had been pronounced the husband stepped forward in court alive and well, and there was a triumphant reunion. The idea was an ingenious one, and if it had ended there it might have passed without comment. But the author next took us into the Judge's room, and later into the Judge's home, where we heard the prisoner prettily begging for the "little piece of black cloth you put on your head" as a souvenir, and inviting the Judge to be the guest of honour at a little celebration—"just a few friends, you know." With only a passing embarrassment—for he confessed to being attracted by the vulgar young lady's charms—his Lordship declined both requests, and the three parted

apparently the best of friends. Was there one word of reproof that the time of judge, jury, counsel and witnesses had been frivolously wasted? Not one—or at least not one that made any impression on the listener. Or that at least two serious offences had been committed? On the contrary, the Judge seemed to admire the cleverness with which the law had been evaded. Above all, was there a single hint that a Judge's most solemn and distasteful duty—a duty that has caused many of them acute suffering—had been shamefully abused? Not one: to the pert young lady the Black Cap meant nothing more than a pocket handkerchief, and it seemed to be nobody's business to enlighten her. The shortcomings of the play as a play do not concern us here. But we are concerned that the B.B.C. should have sponsored a fifty minutes' entertainment which cheaply caricatured one of his Majesty's judges, brought the law into disrepute, and held up to ridicule a symbol which all decent people have been taught to treat with respect.

THOSE ODD CORNERS

SUGGESTIONS on how to save paper are now reaching us by almost every post. They fall roughly into two classes: those which tell how the writers are helping the war effort, and those which tell how others might do it. In the latter category this week are reminders that there is much recoverable old paper on hoardings, that many people have laid down sheets of valuable brown paper under their carpets, that the end-papers of books might be dispensed with, that cartons for chocolate are redundant, and so on. All these hints are welcome, and many of them have already been acted upon. But the important thing, if the salvage scheme is to succeed, is personal sacrifice. There are still thousands of tons of old books, old music, old catalogues, old rolls of wallpaper, old newspapers, lying untouched that will never be needed and would never be missed. What is lacking is the effort needed to sort them out. An hour or two spent this week-end in rummaging in forgotten shelves and odd corners would be time well spent. It would have an immediate effect on munitions production—and it would produce a by no means negligible financial return. In the words of the advertisements—will you do it now?

THE ELUSIVE J.P.

WHEN Miss Witherfield wished to give information of a duel to be fought in Ipswich she was lucky enough to find Mr. Nupkins at home "frowning with majesty and boiling with rage"; but it appears from a recent correspondence that others have been less fortunate. There are people bent on the more peaceful mission of getting some document attested by a Justice of the Peace, and too often the justice is not to be found. In certain boroughs arrangements are made for one member of the bench to be at home for this purpose on a particular evening of the week, and this is clearly a good plan; but the trouble does not arise in boroughs, where there is probably a choice of magistrates, so often as in the villages. Here there can be at most but a single magistrate who is not always at home, and in many villages there is none, whereupon a considerable journey may be involved and at a time when transport is not easy. There would seem a good deal of wisdom in the suggestion made by one correspondent that these attestations should be dispensed with. No doubt it is more impressive to have to sign before a justice and may make the signatory more careful to tell the truth; but we all, especially in these times of many forms, have to sign important documents, such as our income-tax returns, without any attesting witness, and are presumably rendered honest enough by the penalty attending a false statement. It is true that in some cases the signee is "no scholar", does not understand the document and is inclined to sign it in the wrong place. He can, no doubt, be helped by having the matter explained to him by the justice, but that is perhaps hardly a sufficient reason for a good deal of trouble given to both parties.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

I HAVE received the Annual Report of the International Committee for Bird Preservation for the years 1939 and 1940, and a stickler for exactitude in all things might hold the view that it should be termed the Biennial Report. This society is still carrying on its good work despite the fact that owing to the war it has inevitably been out of touch with all the various European centres, with which in the past it has been working in the closest co-operation and harmony. The cause of bird protection since the issue of the last report has lost two of its most energetic and influential members: Professor Michal Siedlecki—a gentle old man interested only in natural history—who worked hard for bird protection, not only in his own land but abroad as well, has died in a German concentration camp after suffering appalling hardships and privations. In this country by the death of Mr. Neville Chamberlain—another war victim—the cause has been deprived of one of its most active and sympathetic helpers.

* * *

THE Wildfowl Act, which struggled through both Houses and received the Royal Assent in May, 1939, came into operation on August 1, and was just in time to relieve the flappers on the day of their execution, and allow them another useful 12 days in which to grow their wing feathers and practise getting off the water expertly. It has been obvious for many years that this extension of close time was essential, but owing to the range over which duck roam it was little use for one riparian owner to respect youth and immaturity when he knew from experience that his immediate neighbours had no such scruples. The curtailment of the season at the other end met with some opposition from members interested in shore and inland shooting on the plea that a few varieties, notably wigeon, do not arrive on our shores until February, and the Bill was nearly talked out in consequence. It, however, just survived with an amendment, which was more in the nature of an asset than otherwise, and to show their gratitude for this, or to prove their opponents in the wrong, the wigeon in this part of the world antedated their arrival this winter by putting in an appearance on inland waters in December instead of February.

* * *

THE International Committee for Bird Preservation have a very difficult time in carrying out their good work even in this country of bird-lovers, and I recall that when they took up the case of the import of live quails into Great Britain they met with the most strenuous opposition from what is called "vested interests." One would have imagined that the numbers of people who either eat quail or deal in them would have been quite insufficient to carry much weight against the massed opinion of those who execrate the trade and are horrified at the idea of crates of live wild birds, packed like sardines, being brought into this country; but the few quail-eaters in the land made themselves heard and felt, and the Quail Protection Bill was badly mutilated and lost many feathers



THE ALLEN BANKS, PART OF THE PROPERTY IN NORTHUMBERLAND RECENTLY PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL TRUST BY THE HON. FRANCIS BOWES-LYON

Mr. Bowes-Lyon, who is an uncle of H.M. the Queen, has been interested for years in enhancing the beauties of this property of 180 acres, its woods, crags, meadowlands and hills, and of this gorge, near the merging of the Allen with the Tyne, which is its gem. He has always permitted access to it by the public and has now made it a National possession.

before it was passed. However, the war in the Mediterranean has effectually put a stop to this distasteful trade for the time being, and it will be interesting to see if as the result the quail begin to re-establish themselves in this country in the numbers which, judging from old game-book records, were present every year during the early part of the shooting season some 60 or 70 years ago.

* * *

I AM always trying to understand the mentality and methods of the Government official, and, seeing I was one myself for some 20 years, my inability to get to the bottom of the matter suggests that I must have been most inefficient and slow to grasp the essential details of my work. The system of sending out income-tax demands so that they arrive by the same post as the Christmas greetings and cards, and are placed by a thoughtful postman at the top of the pile, has been dealt with so often by abler and more dramatic pens than mine that any further comments on the subject are unnecessary. It is sufficient to say that though, as years go by, so many old friends drop out of the running and forget, the Inland Revenue official, like the elephant, never forgets: he "fails not nor faileth, and as things have been they remain."

This year, however, H.M. I. of T. sent out his Christmas greetings in three instalments on three separate days, and one is at a loss to understand if this method was adopted with a laudable desire to break things gently, whether he recalled suddenly other little items that had been overlooked when the first demand was posted, or whether the policy was dictated by the ordinary desire to waste paper and give the Post Office something to do.

* * *

I RECEIVED my demands this year on December 19, 21 and 23: the first was merely a sighting shot to get the range, being a small land tax item with a reduced charge, and the heavy stuff came over on the 21st to

be followed by more of the same nature on the 23rd, a part of which was what one might term delayed action as I did not discover until the following day that the envelope contained two demands and not one! I find that most of my friends and neighbours have had the same three-day I.T. demand barrage put over them, so that my experience is not an isolated case, and we are all in the same boat, or same dug-out, which seems a more suitable metaphor to use.

* * *

AN American correspondent, who has been a reader of COUNTRY LIFE since its birth, has written about the invisibility of the pylon, on which I commented some months ago, and agrees with me that one can become accustomed to almost anything in time—even such unsightly constructions as lofty electric standards supporting lines of heavy cables. He quotes as an instance of this an extended shooting trip he made in the Sudan when he became so used to the horizontal tribal scars, which every man in that part of the world bears on his temples, that when one day he came across a Sudani without these adornments he seemed to be as strange and unaccountable a sight as a man in Piccadilly without a collar and tie.

My American correspondent also recalls driving across the south of England in a dog-cart in the year 1882 from Sevenoaks in Kent and ending his journey at Clovelly, and in those days an American in the heart of our country was unusual. When the party put up for the night at Sherborne the innkeeper's wife, on hearing that the visitors hailed from America, hurried upstairs to the sitting-room and removed the clock and all the ornaments from the mantelpiece and placed stable buckets by the side of each chair. She took these precautions because she had been taught to believe that every American sat in front of the fire with his feet cocked on the mantelpiece and that, being inveterate chewers of tobacco, they spat frequently.

WINTER DAYS IN LAKELAND

Written and Illustrated by W. A. POUCHER

IN order to appreciate fully the exquisite and varied beauty of our English Lake Country, it is desirable to visit the district during at least three of the four seasons. Summer has always been the most popular period, and especially the month of August, when the atmosphere is usually hot and hazy and the rainfall high. These conditions at the height of the holiday season have led to the erroneous impression of the prevalence of rain in the district, whereas in both spring and autumn dry periods with excellent visibility are common. It is perhaps more difficult for many visitors to take their holidays at these times, and I consider myself fortunate in having seen the matchless beauty of this corner of England in almost every month of the year.

In the spring I have found a freshness and charm in the landscape when the trees were just in leaf and the flowers were beginning to add a touch of glamour to the scene. The transformations brought about by colour to some of the more familiar beauty spots are unbelievable; for instance, at the end of May the rhododendrons on the shore of Blea Tarn in Langdale, or festooning the crags enclosing Stockley Ghyll in Eskdale, impart an indescribable splendour to these places; while many of the

higher tarns are embellished by thousands of water lilies whose loveliness is so seldom seen.

As nature progresses in its never-ending cycle, the gaiety of the Lakeland hills and dales changes with the disappearance of the wild flowers, but with the coming of September fresh tints are imparted to the landscape by the yellows of the bracken and of the leaves of the beeches, birches and oaks, which the frosty nights of October tone to golden browns. At this time, the woods in Borrowdale and Patterdale present an enchanting picture, while the sombre shades of Wasdale are enlivened on sunny days by a glory which once seen, can never be forgotten. With the advent of winter the evergreens and the dead bracken provide the only relief to an otherwise drab landscape, but when the snows mantle the countryside a fairylike aspect is given to the lower levels and an Alpine grandeur to the higher fells.

One of the best vantage-points from which to view the Lake Country under these conditions is either Saddleback or Skiddaw. Both of these hills stand aloof from the central and eastern fells, and of the two I prefer the former as the better belvedere, for not only can both Derwent Water and Thirlmere be seen from its summit, but there is also a remarkable prospect

to the south-east of the entire High Street range. Moreover, there is the added attraction of the profile of Saddleback when, under snow, its rock-crested southern spurs assume truly Alpine characteristics and the main ridge connecting them constitutes a walk which is unsurpassed in the district.

I well remember my last winter expedition on this mountain. I was staying in Borrowdale and there were about twenty of us in the hotel all visitors who had spent succeeding Christmas holidays there together. It was a magnificent day with brilliant sunshine and only occasional patches of low cloud blown southwards by the keen north wind. The conditions could not have been better for an ascent of Blencathara, and, at my suggestion for such an ascent was not well received, I set off alone and parked my car at Scales, a small hamlet on the Penrith road situated at the foot of the farthest spur of the mountain.

There had been no fresh snow for a couple of days, but, even so, the direct ascent from the cottages proved too arduous and I therefore contoured round to the right, climbing westwards as the angle diminished. On attaining the narrower part of the ridge I was delighted with the superb view to the west across the other three snow-clad spurs, with, below me, a band of cloud obscuring both Causey and Grisedale Pikes. At an altitude of some two thousand feet the snow was deeper and, in places, frozen hard. This made the ascent more trying, for, while the surface held for a few steps, at others I sank up to my knees.

I walked over towards Scales Tarn, which lies cradled in solid rock at the foot of the well-known ridge of Sharp Edge. In the middle of winter the sun is so low on the horizon, even at mid-day, that its rays only catch the tip of this eastern spur of the mountain. The tarn some few hundred feet below was frozen over and presented a dark and grim appearance.

As I set foot on the summit ridge of Saddleback, low cloud from the north enveloped me and I shivered in the intense cold. It was disappointing to be robbed of the grand prospect from the summit cairn, but, as is often the case in our climate, the superb winter morning had deteriorated in the afternoon. I descended Doddick Fell in comparative gloom.

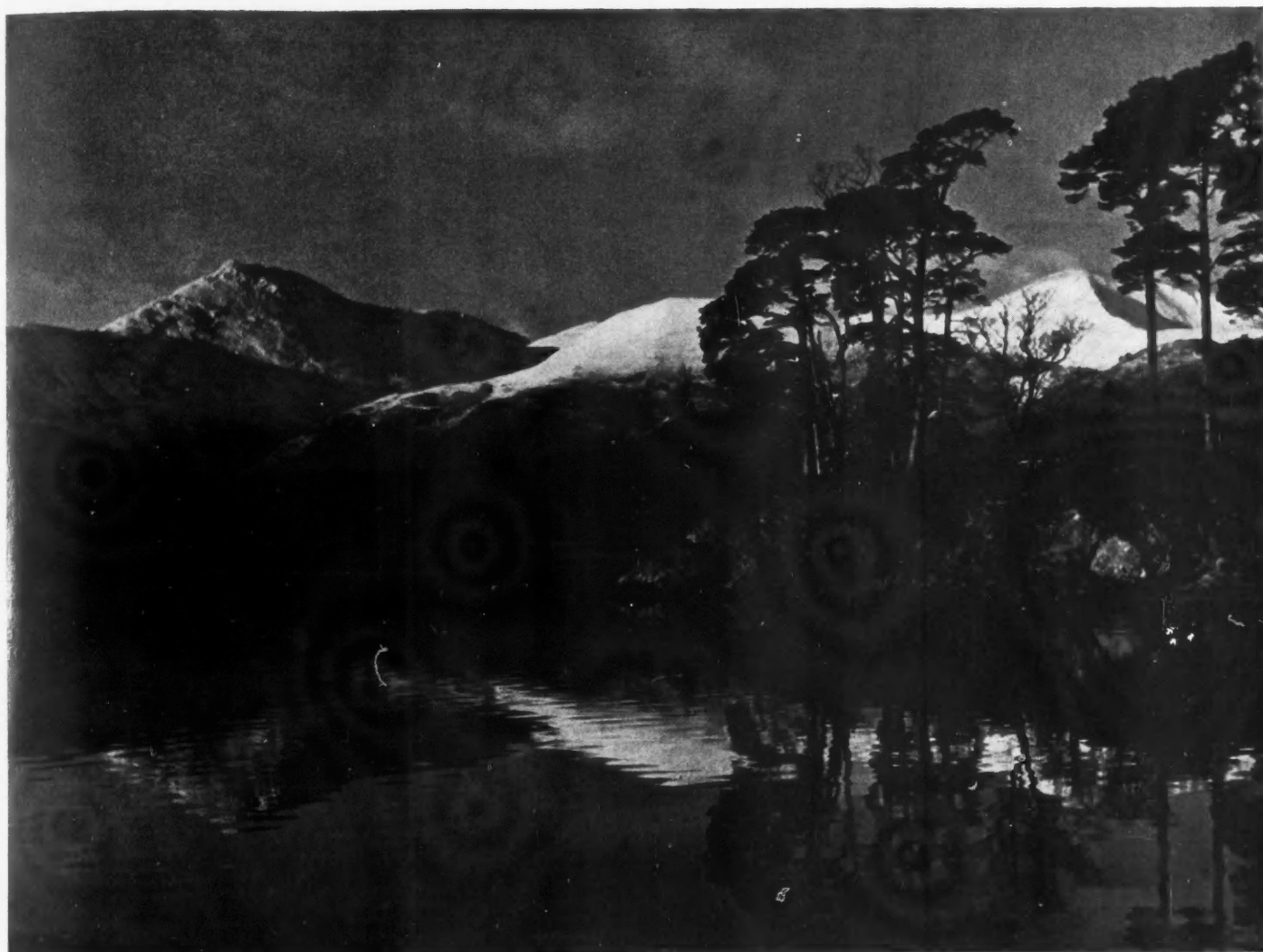
On another occasion a party of us from Borrowdale motored round to Patterdale to make our first snow ascent of Helvellyn by Striding Edge. Under the better-known summer conditions this eastern arm of the second highest hill in England presents no difficulties of ascent, in spite of what has been written of its dangers. In winter, however, when the rocks of Striding Edge are iced and deep snow covers the abyss below the summit, much greater care is necessary.

Our party arrived at the top without incident and we halted at the shelter for refreshment. The view to the west over the great group of central fells culminating in Scafell Pike was indeed one of the most beautiful I had seen in Lakeland. Cloud was forming over Bow Fell and it swept across and obscured the Langdales as well as the Conistone Fells to the south. The central and northern groups were, however, clear, and the subtle pinks and blues on the distant snows made a delightful picture. A tremendous snow cornice stretched from the summit of Helvellyn to Swirrel Edge, and, as we intended to descend by this route, it involved kicking steps down to the first exposed rock below. We passed Red Tarn on our way to the well-known gate, where we paused to admire the rosy glow painted by the setting sun on the High Street hills some seven miles to the east.

To enjoy snow conditions in Lakeland it is not essential to climb its peaks, because a new and ethereal beauty may be discovered in the vicinity of the Lakes themselves. In this respect Derwent Water is pre-eminent, for it excels in its setting; the surrounding hills are compact, shapely and beautiful, while the sylvan slopes descend to the water's edge on all sides. I always find an irresistible attraction in this lake



EASTERN ARM OF HELVELLYN — STRIDING EDGE
When the rocks are iced, ascents must be made with care



VIEW FROM FRIAR'S CRAG ACROSS DERWENT WATER TO CAUSEY AND GRISEDALE PIKES

"The hills are compact, shapely and beautiful; the reflected trees make an excellent foreground for the distant pikes"

and on one of the days in Christmas week I walked along its eastern shore and lingered by the small bay near Friar's Crag, where the reflected trees make such an excellent foreground for the distant hills, with Causey Pike reigning supreme.

I know only too well that the pictorial qualities of this scene have been subjected to hackneyed treatment by both artists and photographers, but in spite of this I find contentment in observing from here the different moods of the lake. It is also equally pleasing to sit at the end of Friar's Crag and enjoy the vista to the south, where the eye is carried over the Jaws of Borrowdale to rest finally on Glaramara and the great central fells rising to Scafell Pike. The walk through Ashness woods to Watendlath and over the hills to Rosthwaite makes a fitting conclusion to a perfect winter day.

When staying in Borrowdale it is not always possible to assess correctly the general weather conditions, because on a windless day the mist clings to this valley longer than to the surrounding district. On such a winter occasion I set off for Langdale, and when I reached Grange the atmosphere was clear. At Grasmere the unruffled surface of the lake reflected every detail of the surrounding hills and the scene portrayed the very essence of peace.

I continued my journey to Langdale by way of Ambleside, not daring, owing to the iced condition of the road, to risk the shorter, narrower and more sinuous route over Red Bank. The Pikes first appear on a approaching Elterwater, and on this occasion they presented a magnificent spectacle with their mantle of snow gleaming in the sun. As I drew near them I stopped the car frequently, because at every turn of the road near Chapel Stile a different aspect of the dale presented itself, each one having its own special charm.

I went as far as Wall End, where the narrow road ascends steeply to Blea Tarn, but, except on foot, progress beyond this point was impossible. In turning the car here, I had the misfortune to get the front and back wheels on either side of the camber of the road, and, as the

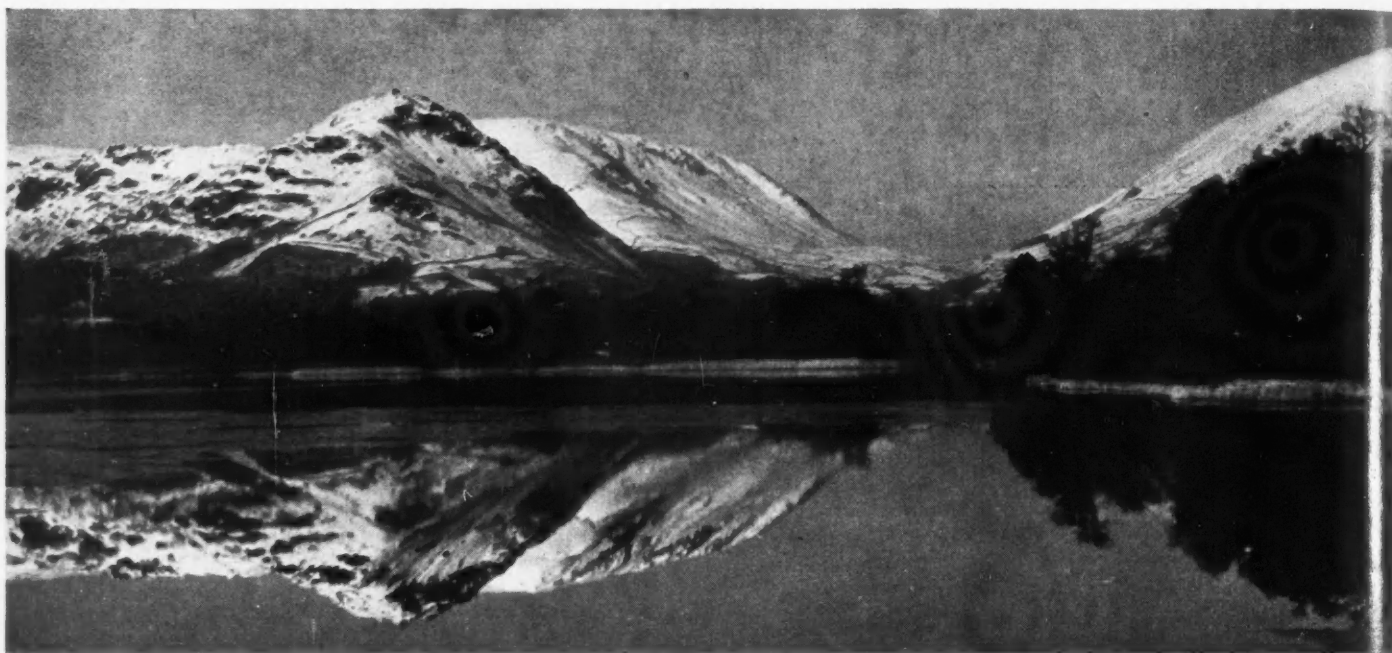
surface was frozen, my car became immovable. I eventually managed to extricate it with the help of a sack kindly provided by the owner of the adjacent farm.

The outline of the Langdale Pikes is always interesting at any time of the year, and some



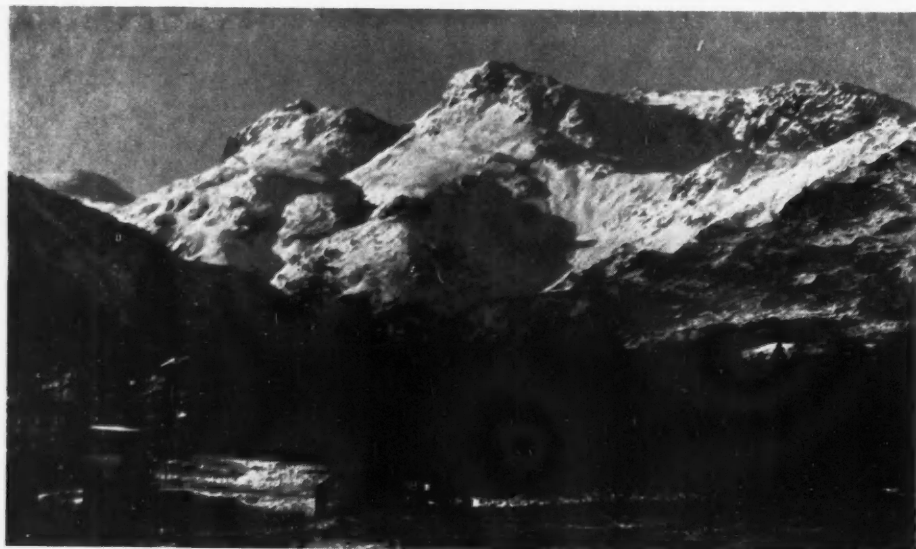
SADDELEBACK, "WHOSE SOUTHERN SPURS ASSUME TRULY ALPINE CHARACTERISTICS"

One of the best vantage-points for viewing Lakeland under snow



(Above) AT GRASMERE THE UNRUFFLED LAKE REFLECTED EVERY DETAIL OF THE SURROUNDING HILLS

"The scene portrayed the very essence of peace"



THE LANGDALE PIKES—MAGNIFICENT IN THEIR SNOW MANTLES
This picture was taken from Elterwater



PILLAR ROCK SEEN ACROSS THE INNOMINATE TARN ON HAYSTACKS
To any climber it recalls memories of happy and thrilling days

good walks may be enjoyed on these hills. Pavay Ark and Gimmer Crag are two of the famous climbing centres, and on summer days they attract many enthusiasts with both rope and rucksack.

The winter meet of the Fell and Rock Climbing Club is always held at Buttermere, a venue whose summer attractions are well known. A splendid viewpoint in the vicinity is to be found on Haystacks, which can also be approached quite easily from Borrowdale by way of Honister and the Drum House. This craggy, hummocked hill is one of my special favourites, and it cradles two small and lovely tarns near its plateau-like summit. The Innominate is the higher one, and from its shore there is a grand prospect of Pillar across the intervening valley of Ennerdale. To any climber the Pillar Rock recalls pleasant memories of happy and thrilling days spent on its precipitous crags. Unfortunately it has been the scene of a few accidents, generally to inexperienced people, but such occurrences never deter the keen cragsmen from tasting its many pleasures.

Eskdale is too remote for the majority of visitors, especially in these days of reduced petrol supplies. Strong walkers may reach this valley from Langdale and Conistone, and it is easily accessible from Wasdale. The upper reaches of this dale are encircled by the grandest peaks in the district. While a few rambles are to be seen there in the summer months, it is one of the most desolate parts of Lakeland in winter. In recent years my visits to Eskdale have been infrequent, but I treasure the memory of its sublime solitude, which to many people would seem a dreary wilderness. Bowfell is the predominating peak when approaching Esk Falls, and this aspect, with its graceful tapering lines, is unquestionably its best.

On emerging from Esk Gorge the most noticeable feature in the landscape is the unusual appearance of Scafell, which, from this side, does not exhibit the same ferocious cliffs that characterise its northern face. There is a long stretch of crag at its base to the south of Carn Spout, but on close inspection this is found to consist of broken rock, which in winter looks more imposing with snow on its many ledges.

Some half mile above Esk Gorge, the first placid reaches of the stream are encountered in the upper Esk basin. From this point there is a most striking prospect of Scafell Pike, which in one sweep rises some two thousand feet, and is crowned by the Eskdale cairn. When seen under favourable conditions, this peak really merits the title of Monarch of the English Hills.

THE INSCRUTABLE MULE

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

IT would be only natural to assume that the mule, being half a horse, would embody a certain amount of horse character. Actually, the mule is almost devoid of horse character. Indeed, in most respects he is just the opposite to the horse. Nature seems to have played some funny tricks here, for the character of the ass, the mule's other forbear, is very faithfully reproduced, and so too is its physical outline. It seems that Nature, unkindly refusing this strange fellow the natural right to reproduce his species, set herself to produce a very complex character, declining to allow the horse side of the family to take any part.

It is a matter for some wonder why the mule is almost unknown in this country except in time of war, when he puts in a passing appearance for training purposes. He is, let it be said a superlatively useful member of the forces when it comes to warfare. An opportunity to renew my acquaintance with him came when I visited a Remount Depot somewhere in the north. There I found many hundreds of Texas mules, which had arrived in the country only a few weeks before and were being built up on a ration that would have made any present-day horse-owner very envious. They were, too, being "straightened out" and trained as pack animals. One thing is very noticeable about mules: if you have a bunch of them together, you can fairly say that when you have seen one you have seen them all, except for minor points of conformation, but with a bunch of horses the variety is only limited by their number. This might be considered strange, for, claiming parents from two different species of animal, a very varied range of outline might be expected.

I have said how different the mule is in character from the horse. So much is this a fact that anyone who handles mules knows that he must exactly reverse the methods he uses for the horse or he will find that he will get nowhere. Make a fuss of him, pet him and give him small good things from the pocket as one does to a horse and you can get no answer from him. He certainly does not make a fuss of you in return; neither does it make him any more tractable. Properly applied correction to a horse brings obedience in the future and more often than not sets a "nappy" horse on the move. Hit a mule and you can go on hitting him without accomplishing what you want. Take no notice of him and he will follow you about like a dog.

When one sees a number of mules together one is impressed by the extraordinary similarity of the facial appearance and the completely unintelligent looks. The mule is seldom roused to any degree of interest in anything, but strangely, when he is, and that over-heavy head is raised and those long ears thrust forward, he seems for a time to be alive with intelligence. Now the head of the average horse in appearance is full of intelligence, but I am one of those who believe that, with few exceptions, the horse is a very unintelligent animal and that the mule beats him for brains all the time. Take a simple case to illustrate this; a good horse is the most honest worker in the world and immensely strong. Find him between the shafts of a cart which is more or less axle-deep in mud and he will go bang up into his collar and pull and strain until he can do no more, and the cart remains stuck. Change him for a mule and the mule will do the same, but when he finds he cannot shift the cart with the direct pull, he will get into the collar again and throw his weight to one side, shifting the wheel on the reverse side, and then quickly throw his weight to the other, and so move the cart. It seems to me that this is intelligence of a high and practical order.

In another way the mule is very different from a horse. Take a number of horses in a field and, although there will be a little biting and still less kicking when there is food about, they all get along well together and any quarrelling does not last as a rule more than a day or so. Mules that are loose in the open never behave like gentlemen at meal times, however

long they are together, except in very isolated cases, where two will share the same plate. They will run at each other and bite as horses will, but their great weapon is their heels, which they use with extraordinary vigour, and happily without any ill effects, on any part of their opponents.

For an hour at feeding time in a very lovely park attached to the Remount Depot I stood fascinated, watching this technique of kicking and on that quiet and peaceful afternoon, during all that time, practically without cessation, there was the sharp tattoo of heel on hide. No mule seemed to be inconvenienced by the punishment. The only effect it had was that he could not drive the other fellow off the bucket or was driven off his own bucket. In consequence the picture was ever moving—always these anxious, rather ungainly fellows travelling from bucket to bucket and always in the end successful, which was really because there were more buckets than mules.

Their ring tactics are most varied. Some will rush in head first and then when apparently galloping past the bucket will sling their quarters slightly in and let drive at the head on the bucket. Others will approach, crab fashion, watching out of the corner of the eye from which direction the opponent's heels are coming, for the defending mule will present these from any angle like a flash of lightning. These admirable fighters have many other quite frightening ways of manipulating their heels. I saw one approach a bucket to within, perhaps, five lengths, then turn round, running backwards in a straight line, and in some extraordinary way kicking the whole time, hoping to batter his way through his opponent—a battering ram in reverse. Sometimes a couple of mules back to back will synchronise too effectively in their kicking and find themselves tail to tail with no room to kick—a ridiculous picture.

I found a small but striking example of the difference between horses and mules. Every horseman knows that no horse will feed out of a bucket in a field without sooner or later (much sooner than later) knocking over the bucket, most certainly treading in it and probably battering it out of shape. Before he has done this he will probably nose out half the contents and tip the rest over, finishing the meal from the carpet. I watched 200 mules for an hour, and there was a very occasional click of hoof on bucket during a fight, and I took the trouble, after the meal was over, to look at a number of buckets and I was amazed how cleanly the mules had fed. There simply was not any mess on the tablecloth! Incidentally this was the more amazing when hundreds of battles had been fought literally over the top of the tins. Certainly the mule seems to have the sense to conserve his food at all costs, where we know the horse will do just the reverse.

A strange, complex fellow the mule. So often is it said of him: "Without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," which adds the touch of pathos to a character which carries an undue load of it during his life. It seems hardly fair.



"MULES ARE SELDOM ROUSED TO INTEREST IN ANYTHING"—



—EXCEPT WHEN THEY ARE RELEASED FOR FEEDING

"I believe that, with few exceptions, the horse is a very unintelligent animal and that the mule beats him for brains all the time"



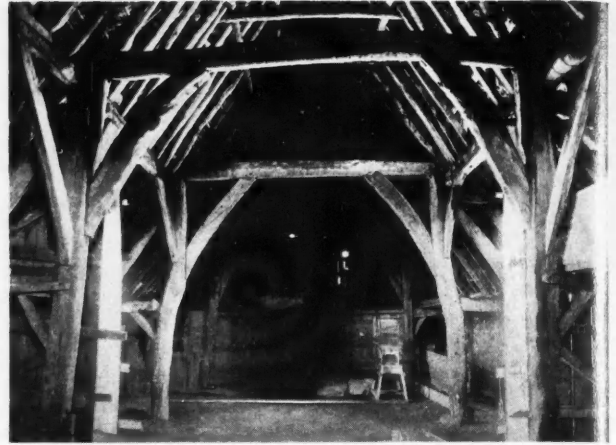
THE DETERMINED FEEDER WHO KICKED ALL OTHERS AWAY UNTIL HE HAD HAD HIS FILL

"These admirable fighters have many frightening ways of manipulating their heels"

RELICS OF ANCIENT CRAFTS

THE NEED FOR A NATIONAL MUSEUM OF AGRICULTURE.

By E. R. YARHAM



THE EASINGTON TITHE BARN, YORKSHIRE

(Left) Before conversion into a folk museum with exhibits mainly from the north of England.

(Right) Interior of the barn before conversion.

THE war is continuing the agricultural revolution which the last war started, and the result will be the almost total mechanisation of British agriculture. During the last harvest, scenes reminiscent of the prairie cornlands of North America have been common in the English countryside, with powerful combine-harvesters, or half a dozen binders cutting great fields many times larger than those of a quarter of a century ago.

With the supercession of old-time practices will pass the ancient methods of hand labour and with them will go the picturesque tools of the labourer's craft. Their entire loss would be an irreparable one, and fortunately several local museums, enthusiastic private collectors, and even farming families themselves are endeavouring to save them for posterity.

A vital and living national centre, designed to interest the general public as well as those who live by the land and who teach its crafts, should, however, be established. Although such a centre cannot very well be inaugurated in war-time, peace ought to see the founding of a National Museum of Agriculture, developed on the lines suggested by Sir Henry Miers in the 1928 Carnegie Report on the Museums of the British Islands. It must not be merely a collection of relics of the past, but would embrace every aspect of agriculture not only in these islands, but in the Empire.

The curator of the Cranmore Ethnographical Museum, Kent, Mr. G. P. L. Miles, has been an enthusiastic advocate of such a museum, and he has suggested in outline what he hopes it would include and what it would do: "It would portray the fruits of recent research in a form that would be easily understood and serve for the preservation of agricultural antiquities. It would be of value to our

Colonies in the stimulation of emigration by the means of the dioramic portrayal of the agricultural life in various parts of the Empire, and by showing how the limitations of nature have been met by various systems of primitive agriculture.

"Its scope would thus be far-reaching and its range of exhibits far too wide to be enumerated here, but a consideration of a few aspects such as soil types, their associated vegetation, and characteristic livestock; the devastating effects of soil erosion portrayed by means of models showing vast expanses of land dissected by ever-widening ravines that render cultivation impossible, and by slopes rendered barren by the entire removal of the topsoil, the manifestations of plant and animal disease, and the forecasting of the weather . . . bring to mind almost endless possibilities."

The nation-wide survey of soils and land utilisation, already in progress, would obtain a permanent background for the exhibition of their findings, providing the vital link with the land that the Geological Survey has been to the Geological Museum. Just as the Geological Survey has built up a detailed series of maps of the rocks below the land surface and much of its information is based on these, agriculture should do the same for the soil: the distribution and potential cropping capacity of this, the most valuable of raw materials, must be not only explored and mapped but widely known. There are many agricultural and farm institutes throughout Britain which have already done valuable work, and these could be the nucleus from which a national museum might spring, as a development of an already well-organised system. A distinct new growth is not necessary, for the foundations are laid for a developing national effort.

A striking example of what can be done by

a national effort is to be seen in the Royal Hungarian Agricultural Museum at Budapest. It was founded in 1907 and now holds 14,000 objects, and in normal times there is an English-speaking guide at the visitors' disposal. There almost every problem connected with the land is dealt with in some form, and it is a place of pilgrimage for all tillers of the soil in Hungary, which is primarily an agricultural country.

It must be confessed we have no institution in Britain comparable, from the point of view of usefulness, with this in Budapest. The only national collection of old agricultural implements and machines is in the Science Museum, South Kensington, to which the Board of Education publishes a guide. It contains some wonderful examples, including Bell's original reaping machine, invented in 1826.

In several other parts of the country praiseworthy efforts have been made to establish local museums of agriculture. For instance, Kent has made admirable progress in this direction, and no more appropriate place for housing a collection could be found than the Old Tithe Barn, Maidstone, which the Town Council lent for the purpose, although at the present time the barn is being used for other purposes. It is commendable that narrow parochialism has been avoided, and the exhibits are by no means confined to Kentish implements. An old wooden plough occupies a prominent position. Some of these ploughs are still used, it is stated, and they have been used in Kent and Sussex for at least 400 years. They are the oldest one-way ploughs in the country.

Another interesting exhibit is an old Suffolk drill made about 1850 at Saxmundham, and reputed to be the first Suffolk drill used in East Kent. It belonged to a contractor who took it from farm to farm. There is also a root seed drill that was in use until a few years back. A farmer brought it with him from the Orkneys in 1890. It was made 20 years earlier and is considered a remarkable piece of workmanship. The museum also contains a "bavin" fork that was used for picking up barley lying loose in the swathe, a flail, and two barley-choppers. The flail threshed the barley off the straw but did not remove the beards. The grain was spread on the barn floor about 3ins. deep and rolled in all directions with the circular barley-chopper that looks something like a garden-roller.

Another barley-chopper resembles a boot scraper; it was used with an up-and-down motion, and both are very old.

There are also ox-yokes, sets of horse-bells, horse decorations, stable lamps, gags and drenching horns, man-traps, eel-spears, old guns powder and shot flasks, old types of pitchforks digging-forks, spades and draining-spits, old types of drain-pipes, measuring-wheels, chaff cutters, apple-crushers and milk-churns,

Then, an appropriate use, as a museum of



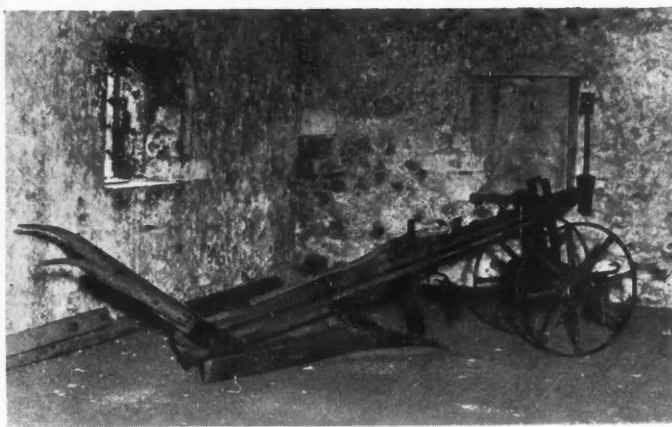
Farmer and Stock-breeder

TITHE BARN, MAIDSTONE

Lent in pre-war days by the Town Council to house the Kentish Agricultural Museum



FOOT SEED DRILL BROUGHT FROM THE ORKNEYS
50 YEARS AGO. *Circa 1870*



AN OLD KENTISH PLOUGH, OF WHICH SOME STILL REMAIN
IN THE SOUTHERN PART OF THE COUNTRY

KENTISH AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, MAIDSTONE

folklore and old-time farming, has been found by the East Riding Antiquarian Society for one of the ancient tithe barns, relics of the great corn-growing era of English agriculture, which still remains intact. This is the old aisled and thatched barn at Easington, near Hull. It is scheduled as a national monument and is devoted entirely to the exhibition of old farming and milling implements and machinery.

The barn was erected about 1500, and its great timbers are in a fine state of preservation still, giving the interior a most impressive aspect. In 1927 the Ecclesiastical Commissioners leased the barn and its site, and a small piece of ground adjoining, for a nominal rent. The collection includes such things as old flails, long-disused ploughs, apparatus for shaping clogs, cheese-presses, dibbling irons, candle-moulds, local charms against evil and disease, an ancient manual fire-engine, cruel-looking man-traps, and hundreds of other "bygones" in iron, pewter, lead, wood, earthenware and other materials.

The Norwich Castle Museum Committee

has been trying to collect historical examples of old-time agricultural tools, and perhaps pride of place should be given to a fine Norfolk plough, such as was used by farmers all over the country in early and mid-Victorian times. It differs in several respects from ploughs evolved in other counties. An extraordinary implement is a seed distributor 8ft. in length. This is divided into small compartments, each with a closely fitting sliding lid, and apparently it was carried across the horse's back.

The Am Fasgadh Museum, founded on lonely but historic Iona, but now moved to Laggan, Inverness-shire, on the mainland, has a growing collection of old-time relics. The name means "The Shelter," and it does shelter old homely Highland things that are in danger of destruction. It is hoped to make it a permanent heritage for the Highlands, and already there are over a thousand objects, including ancient agricultural tools.

Down in the west of England the enthusiasm of the West Cornwall Field Club has resulted in the preservation of about 500 ex-

amples of old types of iron tools and implements made by the village smiths before the era of mass production. They come from the Land's End area and are now exhibited in an outdoor wayside museum opened in 1937 at Kerrow in Zennor.

Cheltenham Museum has also gathered together a representative collection of agricultural and countryside by-gones, including wooden hames used with Lord Bathurst's oxen at Cirencester and some ox-collars. These opened at the top to pass over the horns.

There is no doubt that scattered over the countryside are innumerable old-time tools and implements—such as an antique butter-press, for example, which has been in the possession of a Harleston (Norfolk) family for over 200 years—which are the very stuff of history, handled by many generations, and which should find a place in either local or national museums. Up to the present local enthusiasts have led the way; the return of peace should see the establishment of a National Museum of Agriculture.



Farmer and Stock-breeder

KENTISH AGRICULTURAL MUSEUM, MAIDSTONE
A flail, two sickles, two barley-choppers, and a "bavin" fork
for picking up barley



AM FASGADH MUSEUM, LAGGAN, INVERNESS-SHIRE
Milking-pails, churns, peat creels and horse-collars woven from
grasses, in the farm implements section



1.—THE EAST FRONT AND TERRACE
On to which the living-rooms open by low-silled windows

LANGLEYS, ESSEX—III

THE HOME OF
MR. JOHN JOLLIFFE TUFNELL

Completed by Samuel Tufnell in 1719, several rooms were redecorated and furnished for his grandson in the Sheraton style by the firm of Charles Elliott in 1797-98

NOT many houses of Langleys's relatively modest status contain so much beauty covering so long a span of time. Built in the age of Marlborough, it has the two ornate rooms illustrated last week which are contemporary with Shakespeare, and others fitted up as Jane Austen would have liked to see. Yet it

has never aspired to being a great house. Large and stately though it may seem by to-day's standards, its owners, Everards and Tufnells, can be seen to have always conceived it as essentially the home of a well-to-do country gentleman. When alterations were made, they were done as well as possible according to the taste of the time, whether

Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne, or Regency, but always with this sense of fitness. Even the Victorian billiard-room added to the south end of the house, but tactfully omitted from any of these photographs, swears at the rest of the house in a hearty gentlemanly way. While indulging its own taste to the full, each age has respected that of its predecessor, till, in the present generation, the rich inherited accumulations have been sorted out and disposed with exceptionally sensitive taste. The result is that Langleys must now be acknowledged as among the most complete and beautiful of country homes.

The Everards, of whom Hugh commissioned the Jacobean rooms, probably in 1621, made their peace with the Stuarts after the Restoration. Sir Richard, the second baronet, whose father had helped to

organise the New Model army, actually married a daughter of Sir John Finet, who had been Master of Ceremonies to James I and Charles I and wrote a book on punctilio. Hugh, third baronet, was a soldier under William III in Flanders—but seems to have been improvident as a squire. He warms our hearts across the years by his love of his three stalwart sons, especially of Hugh, the second of them, his memorial to whom in the church relates a short but gallant life.

Within a week after leaving Felstead School in 1700, the marble tells us, the lad had joined the Navy and, on his first voyage, escorting the King to Holland, had run into a prodigious storm. Two years later he was the first to jump ashore from the long-boats when British troops landed on the Spanish coast, and himself killed the leader of the cavalry opposing them. "But now, reader," his epitaph goes on, "turn thy triumphant songs to dirges." For, after three short years afloat, Hugh Everard went down with his ship on the Goodwins in the great storm of 1703. The inscription calls him the "age's wonder." Yet it would seem that, fortunately for Britain, the Services to-day number legions of his kind.

The same storm, in which Hugh was drowned, killed his elder brother Richard's father- and mother-in-law, Bishop and Mrs. Kidder of Bath and Wells when a chimney-stack crashed through their bedroom in the Palace at Wells. Sir Richard found that his father's debts made Langleys too large a house for his means, so he bought a smaller one near by, sold the place to Samuel Tufnell and obtained the Governorship of North Carolina under the Lord Proprietors of that Colony. But bad luck dogged him; when the Crown expropriated the company, he lost his job and came home to die in Red Lion Street, Holborn, in 1732. The Everard baronet, given by Charles I, became extinct in 1745 on the death of his grandson who had taken his bare title to Georgia.

Twenty-five years before that the new owner of Langleys had completed the new house. In the fashion of the time it was



2.—FROM ENTRY HALL TO SALOON
This was the front door till the entry hall was formed in 1820



3.—THE SALOON, IN THE CENTRE OF THE FRONTS

Parchment-coloured pilasters, cream walls, and a Savonnerie carpet of carmine and brown roses with green foliage on a white ground

entered by a lofty saloon (Fig. 3), which took the place of the Tudor hall with great chamber above, referred to in Samuel Tufnell's notes. Till the latter's great-grandson in 1820 pushed forward the centre of the west front to form the present entry hall (Fig. 2) the saloon had external walls and doors on both sides and must have been exceedingly draughty in winter. But it still preserves its original relationship to the east front (Fig. 1), occupying the three centre bays below the pediment. It seems likely that Samuel

Tufnell (then in his early thirties) was his own architect, at any rate for the general design of the exterior. But for the detailing, and for the baroque decoration of this noble hall, he must surely have had recourse to professional assistance. In its make-up there is a good deal of what Vanbrugh and to some extent James Gibbs were putting into their contemporary designs—the great Corinthian pilasters, the arched panels, the massive, enriched chimneypiece. The ornamentation of the latter contains many similar motifs

to the fireplaces in the Jacobean rooms, including strap-work forms in the overmantel, which confirms that the wall-decoration of the old dining-room is of Samuel Tufnell's time. The general character of the saloon and, indeed, of the exterior, is not inconsistent with the employment by him of such a builder-designer as Townsend of Oxford, or, more probably, since their homes were adjacent, Price of Wandsworth, both of whom had worked under Vanbrugh and had absorbed something of his manner. The

saloon pilasters are now painted a parchment colour, on brown marbled bases, their capitals and the cornice picked out in gilding, as is the simple ceiling wreath. The floor is covered with a big Savonnerie carpet of red and golden brown roses with green foliage on an off-white ground and with a golden-brown border. This colouring, with the creamy walls, the sparkling crystals of the late Georgian chandelier, and the tall windows to the terrace and lawns with the upper tier above them, fill the saloon with a lovely soft radiance.

All the Georgian rooms, like the saloon, face east, mostly with windows lowered to floor level in Regency times, and have a similar charming lightness. This is due not only to their colouring but to the exquisite taste in furnishing of William Tufnell who redecorated several rooms when he and his elder brother succeeded in 1793. The white-walled dining-room in the south wing was plainly redecorated a little later, probably in the second decade of the nineteenth century. It contains a group of the first Samuel Tufnell's best furniture—a pair of stands, a mirror, and a table, the top of which has the arms of Tufnell impaling Cressener, all in gilt gesso (Fig. 6) which, till recently, was covered with white paint. The group is of the kind being supplied by Moore and Gumley in the seventeen-twenties.

William Tufnell is responsible for two exquisite rooms north of the saloon, the so-called white and the yellow drawing-rooms (Figs. 4



4.—A SHERATON ROOM. NOW THE WHITE, ORIGINALLY YELLOW, DRAWING-ROOM, DECORATED AND FURNISHED 1797-98

and 5). Much of the furniture that they still contain (or have had restored to them by Mr. Tufnell) was supplied between June, 1797, and February, 1798, by the firm of Charles Elliott of 97, New Bond Street.

William Tufnell was the second son of John Jolliffe Tufnell I, who succeeded his father, the builder of Langley's. Samuel, the elder son, who never married, was not altogether *compos mentis*, living principally at Nun Monkton, the Yorkshire property left to the Tufnell family by old Nathaniel Payler who appears in Snijers's conversation piece of the first Samuel Tufnell and his family. Langley's became the younger brother's home, so it was to William that Messrs. Elliott made out their account.

Elliott did not supply the white marble chimneypieces; nor the fine Aubusson carpets which are such a feature of both rooms but are later introductions. But he put up the *papier mâché* cornices picked out in gilding against a coloured cove, supplied curtains and, presumably, their reeded gilt pelmets, and papered both rooms. Both have since been repapered, and seem to have changed their names and, apparently, only one of Elliott's bills has survived. This is endorsed: "part of the furniture of drawing-room; besides this, the stoves in both rooms, chairs and tables in the green drawing-room, window curtains and carpets in d^o; girandoles, bronze figures, and 2 pier glasses." The bill specifically charges for

	£	s.	d.
Pumice-stoning and sizing the walls of the Drawing-Room	6	0	0
12 pieces yellow satin ground paper	6	0	0
Paste and hanging and pannelled	18	0	0
380 ft. gilt moulding	7	18	4
Needle points and fixing do. round the room	6	0	0

The present white drawing-room (Fig. 4), so-called from a pinky-white satin paper, and occupying the three bays north of the saloon, is the larger of the two and would appear to be that here referred to as papered in yellow. The pier-glasses and girandole are in position. The smaller room beyond it (Fig. 5), now also with a whitish paper and pink rope borders, though known as the yellow room, is presumably referred to as "the green drawing room." If this is the case

A fine plate of silvered glass 68 x 38 in.; a blind frame for do. lined with flannel; a pilaster frame to do. with pannelled ornamental top on white ground highly finished and burnished gold	£52	10	0
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refers to the large overmantel mirror in the white drawing-room (Fig. 4). Among the individual pieces charged for which can be identified in the photograph are

2 satinwood commodes neatly cross banded, with shelves inside and green silk curtains	£11	11	0
(They are on either side the fireplace and have lost their curtains)			

The smaller room has a particularly rich Beauvais carpet of greens, blues, pinks, and golds on a maroon ground



5.—SHERATON FURNITURE IN THE "GREEN" DRAWING-ROOM

which admirably sets off the black and gold lacquered furniture. The gilt Kent mirror over the chimneypiece is a relic of Samuel Tufnell's time, but the wall lights may well be among the girandoles supplied by Elliott. On the walls of the white room are several miniatures, and six silhouettes of the Pilkingtons, William Tufnell's daughter-in-law's family, by Mrs. Lightfoot of Liverpool. Her advertisement on the backs of them is worth quoting:

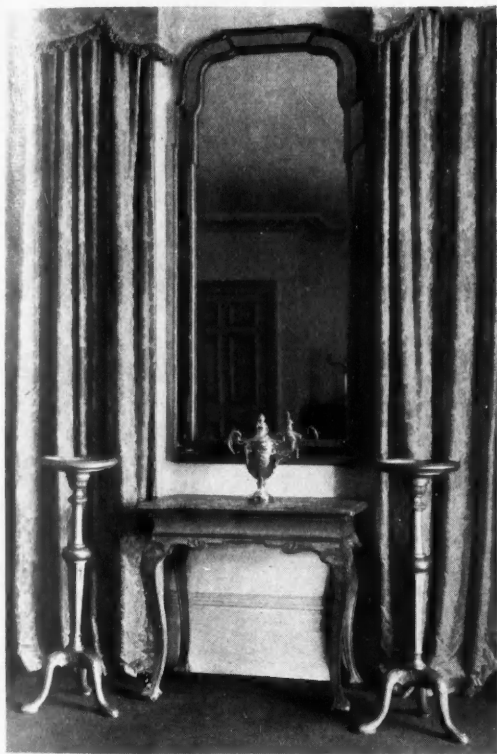
Perfect Likenesses in miniature profile taken by Mrs. Lightfoot, Liverpool, and reduced on a plan entirely new which preserves the most exact symmetry and animated expression of the features much superior to any other method. Time of sitting, one minute. N.B.—She keeps the original shades and can supply those she has once taken with any number of duplicates. Those who have shades by them may have them reduced and dressed in the present taste.

The only ground-floor room besides the saloon retain its original decoration is the room next it the south, now the study (Fig. 8) with good section wainscot painted white. The oval drestal table beside the fireplace, now lacquered black and gold, may be one of Charles Elliott's.

1 pair of oval satinwood tables on claws crossbanded and varnished ... £2 14 0



7.—BURR MAPLE GRAINING, A PAINTED SHERATON BED AND SATINWOOD FURNITURE IN THE BEST BEDROOM. 1798



6.—GILT GESSO FURNITURE OF ABOUT 1725

Upstairs, several of the bedrooms contain panelling from the old house, others having bolection wainscot. The master's bed and dressing room (Fig. 7) have panelled walls which are excellent examples of burr maple graining, probably dating from 1798. The furniture, including a noble painted four-poster bed, is chiefly of that date and mostly of satinwood, some of it referred to in Elliott's bill.

Mr. John Joilliffe Tufnell, the fourth of the family to bear that combination of names, is the great-great-grandson of the author of the alterations described in this article. Since he succeeded his father, the late Major Nevill Tufnell, in 1935, his affection for the old house and knowledgeable rearrangements of its exquisite contents are responsible for virtually rediscovering one of the loveliest and most notable of country homes. A modern amenity for the introduction of which he is responsible is a swimming pool (Fig. 9) sheltered in the old laundry yard, adjoining the house and garden to the south.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

(In the caption of Fig. 1 last week the Jacobean rooms should have been described as occupying the wing on the left.)



8.—THE STUDY. PANELLING CONTEMPORARY WITH THE HOUSE



9.—THE NEW SWIMMING POOL IN THE OLD LAUNDRY YARD

WINES AND WINE-LABELS—II

By SHEELAH RUGGLES-BRISE

"I LOVE everything that's old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wine." Thus wrote Goldsmith in *She Stoops to Conquer*; and I would add "old glasses." In 1640 Lady Sussex wrote to Sir Ralph Verney: "Do me the favour to chuse me sixe wine-glasses; i have cuch littl ons and none as my lorde uses to drinke in." But it is not of glasses that I write, but of what our ancestors put in them.

Claret had been drunk in England (originally under the name of Gascon Wine) since the twelfth century, being sent from Bordeaux via Rouen to such ports as Sandwich, Southampton, Chester, Boston and London, while Rhenish wine was sent from the Moselle to York. Shakespeare mentions "a flagon of Rhenish" in *Hamlet* and "a deep glass of Rhenish Wine" in *The Merchant of Venice*.

The earliest reference to Rhine wine seems to have been in 1295, when it is noted as one of the wines consumed at the enthroning of Archbishop Robert Winchelsea of York. Among the Grosvenor papers is a payment to James Miers, owner of the *Susannah*, in 1681, of 55s. "for the carrag of one hampier of bottles of Rhenish wine from London to Leverpoole being 4 dossen and 3 bottles."

The poet Herrick, that clerical rogue (1591-1674), has many references to Sack in his poems:

... the vine shall lack
Grapes before Herrick leave Canary Sack.
Sack is my life.

—Welcome to Sack.

and "O thou the drink of gods and angels!"
—Farewell to Sack.

Shakespeare says in *Henry IV*:

If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked!
There was no eating at taverns, but a crust of bread was given with the wines. In *Look About You* (1600) it is stated that "the drawers kept sugar folded up in papers for those who called for Sack," and the custom existed of bringing two silver cups in case the customer should wish to dilute his wine, which was done

with rose-water and sugar.

Sir Ralph Verney, who was exiled in 1643 during the Civil Wars, went to live at Blois, and his wife Mary used to travel between England and France in her efforts to safeguard his interests. On one occasion he wrote to beg her bring him back some of his old Sack "to give away or drink at home." His wife replied: "I am in great admiration at your telling me that good Canarye Sack will be a wellcome present to my acquaintance at Blois, for I do not know any English acquaintance I have there and certainly you have very much altered the natures of the French if they are growne to love Sack—however I like very much of bringing some over... we may keep it for our owne use; for if itt be good Sack I believe tis a very whollsom wine espetially in that hott country."

Sack is referred to as Malaga-Sack, Galician Sack, Canary Sack and Xeres Sack (Shakespeare's "Sherris Sack"). Old Spanish dictionaries translate the word as *vino de Canarias*, *vino dulce*, and *vino de Xeres*, while French dictionaries call it *vin d'Espagne*. Canary Sack was very popular all through the eighteenth century in England, but after about 1733 it was usually called Vidonia or Teneriffe.

In the Duke of Rutland's MSS. at Belvoir Castle and the Duke of Northumberland's at Syon House, Sack is nearly always spelt Seck.

If Sherry may be taken as the lineal descendant of Sherris-Sack, the following story of a much later date, told by Captain Gronow, may not be inappropriate. "Twistleton Fiennes, the late Lord Saye and Sele... had a very strong constitution and would drink absinthe and curacao in quantities which were perfectly awful to behold... I shall never forget the astonishment of a servant I had recommended to him. On entering his service, John made his appearance as Fiennes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any order. He received the following answer: 'Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside and call me the day after to-morrow.'"

Although in early accounts Gascon Wine (Claret) and Sack seem to predominate over other varieties, we find the names of many other wines also. In the reign of Richard II "the wines of Gascoine, of Osey and of Spaine" as well as Rhenish



SOME WINE-LABELS IN LADY RUGGLES-BRISE'S COLLECTION

Barsac is silver-gilt; Port Viin, Marsellis, and Massala are misspellings; Rising Grape is faintly discernible under Orange—probably a misprint for Riesling, one of the most famous vines; Curacao is of Battersea enamel

wines were not allowed to be sold at more than 6d. a gallon.

In Mr. André Simon's most instructive lists giving the prices of wines in the twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries we read also of Moselle, Moissac, La Réole, Poitou Wine, Rochelle Wine, Red Wine, White Wine, Wine of Crete, Romeney, Vernage, Bastard, Sweet Wine, Tyre, Hippocras, Bordeaux and White Gaillac. Burgundy and Graves are first mentioned in 1571.

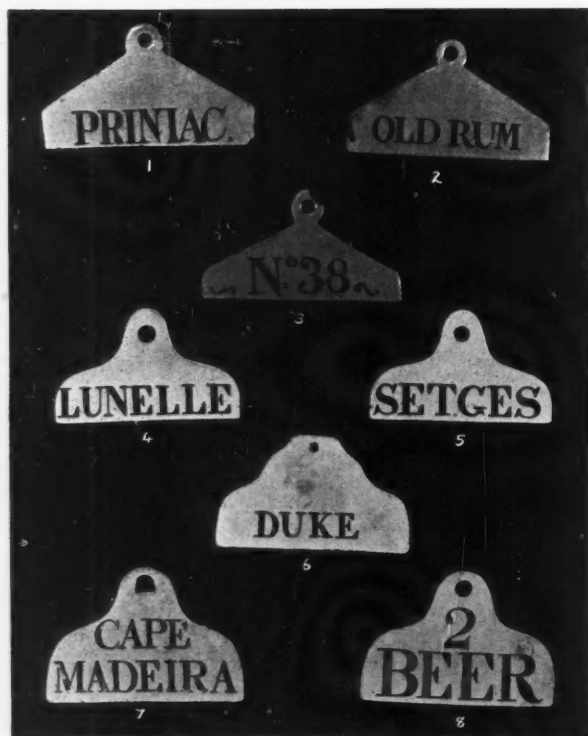
In the time of Henry VII, whereas a subsidy of 3s. was charged on all wines, so-called "sweet wines" had to pay an extra 3s. This subsidy was a personal grant to the reigning sovereign.

The Countess of Rutland spent a night at Ware in 1539, and at her supper had "White Wine, one pint 1d; a potell of Claret Wine, 4d; a pint of Sack, 2d." When the Earl of Rutland rode forth he paid for wine at Stamford (1542) "four potells and one quarter Raynyshe wyne 4s. 6d." In 1541, at the Dean's house in Lincoln, he paid for a potell of Malvesey and one of Sack.

Many aromatic wines were made in the sixteenth century, two of them, Hippocras and Clarre, enjoying a great reputation. At the christening of Prince Edward in 1537 Hippocras and Sweet Wine were served to everyone present in the church. Arnold's *Chronicle* gives a recipe for Ypocras which includes a gallon and a pint of "red wyn," various spices and 2lb. of sugar. In 1666 Charles II received a present of Hermitage, Burgundy and Champagne from Louis XIV.

An advertisement in *Post Man* for October 6, 1702, runs thus: "The way to get Wealth by making 23 sorts of English Wines equal to French Wine, and to make Syder, Mead, Metheg, Rum, Rack, Brandy, and Cordill Water, to help a bad memory, that you may remember all you read or do."

John Hervey, Earl of Bristol, bought La Tour Claret and Palm-Wine in 1720; Palm-Sack and Mountain in 1721; Chateau Margou Claret



THREE DELFT BIN-LABELS (1-3) OF ABOUT 1780 AND FIVE EARTHENWARE ONES OF SOMEWHAT LATER DATE



MANY OF THESE LABELS ARE OF SHEFFIELD PLATE
Geneva and Hollands designate different kinds of gin. Tanazon may
be a mistake for Tarragon.

and Rhenish Wine in 1723; 3 parcells of Canary, a pipe of Porte, 2 dozen of Champagne and 1 dozen of Burgundy in 1724; half a hogshead of Lucina White-Wine in 1725; Methuen-Wine and Moselle-Wine in 1730; and in subsequent years Red Port, Red Madera Wine (this specified as for his wife, so probably he thought it an inferior wine), Côte Rôtie, Hermitage, Burgundy and Steiner Wine.

William Hickey, that amusing scamp and indefatigable diarist, always describes the wine

which their kind host left them to their own discretion. They discreetly went on drinking till two in the morning when each of them staggered out to his own carriage. More than once he attributes his or his friends' recovery from a dangerous illness to drinking Claret. Kettles of burnt Champagne made him very popular at a supper party he gave to his friends.

Bin-labels are also guides to what our forebears drank. I have three Delft ones of about

he is given to drink; the "admirable Madeira" (which was made hot after a bad storm at sea), the "excellent hot Punch," the "capital good Claret made cold as ice" (this in India), but sometimes it is "rot-gut Lisbon" that he is given, or Constantia, which to him tasted like treacle and water. If offered a half-filled bottle of port he angrily declined, saying that he was not in the habit of "drinking stale bottoms of bottles."

In Funchal a Portuguese "lady of rank" gave him Malmsey which she assured him was as old as herself, that is 70 years, having been made by her father from his own vintages; he found it to be "precious liquor" indeed. Once in August he and his host Mr. Cane went to Boulogne at the critical time of the equinox in order that Mr. Cane might buy his winter stock of Burgundy and Champagne.

On one occasion he and his fellow-guests drank two and twenty bumpers in glasses of considerable magnitude, after

1780 and also some earthenware ones of a somewhat later date. One of the former is Priniac which is one of the Médoc growths. Among the latter is Lunelle, which is one of the unfortified dessert wines of Languedoc, and it is also a Hungarian wine.

Mr. Morton Shand, that great authority on vinology, says that the Muscatelle wines of Lunelle "rank after Rivesaltes as the best of their kind in France." He adds that they should be drunk very cold.

Geneva was the name given to certain importations of gin in contradistinction to Hollands. My Geneva label is one of Hester Bateman's delicately fashioned ones with space for a crest which however has not been added. Hollands is of a plainer but equally dignified design. There is a tombstone in the churchyard at Strathfieldsaye (near the house presented to the great Duke of Wellington) to "Simple John."

His worth was great, his failings few,
He practised all the good he knew
And no harm, his only sin
Was that he loved a drop of gin,
And when his favourite was not near
Contented took his horn of beer.
Though weak his head, to make amends
Heaven gave him health, content and friends.
This little village nursed and bred him,
And good Lord Rivers clothed and fed him.

The name Duke will be noticed on one of the bin-labels in the lower photograph on the previous page. I have failed to discover to what this refers, though I wonder if it was not some popular brand of Port or one that the Duke of Wellington was supposed to fancy.

Sir Joseph Barrington has given a description of how Irishmen behaved in the eighteenth century when frost had made hunting impossible. They shut themselves up in a hunting-lodge and prepared for what they called "hard going." "All the shutters were closed to keep out the light. Chickens and bacon and a whole cow to cut scallops from were brought into the kitchen. . . . Cherry Bounce (Brandy) and Claret, cold and mulled, were the beverages. There was piping and singing. . . . The company would be drunk every night of the five days." They evidently did not believe in the advice given by Sir Henry Sidney to his son Philip in 1566: "Seldom drink wine and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden, you should find yourself inflamed."

AN ANCIENT PEAR TREE

WE are indebted to the late Sir Jeremiah Colman, of Gatton Park, Surrey, for the following particulars of an ancient pear tree growing in the kitchen garden at Gatton Park.

It is a specimen of the old culinary variety Uvedales St. Germain. Notwithstanding its decrepit appearance, it is still capable of producing a crop, last year's yield being 21 fruits with a total weight of 16lb. The heaviest pear weighed 1lb. 7oz. and two others were 1lb. 3oz. each.

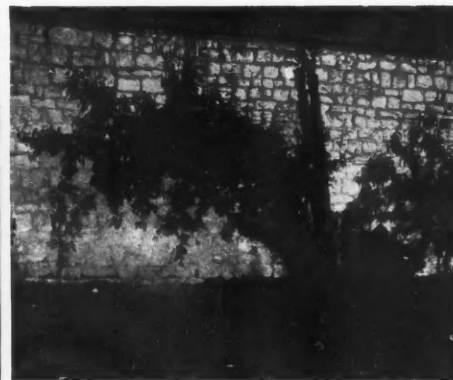
Sir Jeremiah, who kept up his interest in horticultural matters to the last, informed us that according to the historical records of his garden this was described as an old tree in 1844, which is not improbable, as this variety, named after a certain Dr. Uvedale, a great amateur gardener of his day who lived at Enfield about 1690, was possibly raised round about that date. Its exact origin is uncertain, but its existence certainly proves that it is much older than the date 1820, when it was given the name of *Belle Angvine* by a French nurseryman at Angers. It is not unreasonable to claim that this specimen is more than 200 years old, a great age for a pear that is still fruitful and probably one of the oldest of its kind in this country. Forty years ago, when it was measured, it had a span of 99½ft. and carried 100 pears each averaging 1lb. in weight.

Six of them were exhibited at the Crystal Palace Fruit Show in 1902.

Being of rather poor quality compared with more recent introductions it is not much grown nowadays except for exhibition purposes. Nevertheless it has its merits as a culinary pear

for use during January until April, when its enormous fruits, which are green at first and later change to a dull yellow as they mature, are at their best.

The photographs are by Captain G. Waud Piercy.



AN ANCIENT PEAR, UVEDALES ST. GERMAIN, IN THE KITCHEN GARDEN
AT GATTON PARK, SURREY

This specimen is probably well over 200 years old and still yields a crop of fine pears.
Last season's gathering was 21 fruits weighing more than 16lb.

IN DAYS OF FAMINE

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

IN his Saturday night American commentary Mr. Elmer Davis was lately describing the various impacts of the war upon the United States. Among others he mentioned that the great demand for rubber for more important purposes would cause a shortage of golf balls for the game which had now in point of playing popularity eclipsed baseball as the national game. The shock, though at first an unpleasant one, had, he said, been cheerfully accepted.

This is a dearth to which golfers in this country have to some extent, I imagine, now grown accustomed, though how serious a dearth it is I do not personally know. I do know that when I last had a brief golfing jaunt in September I was able to buy, as a special concession, two balls of a famous brand. About a year ago I had providently laid in a modest stock of cheaper ones and a reasonable number of them still remain to me, to be cherished as a miser does his gold or his butter.

I remember in the latter years of the last war suffering not from any acute famine but from most acute anxiety lest the ship bringing my supplies to Macedon should be torpedoed. Fortunately it never was, but, since the fear was always present, a golf ball was a precious thing to be hunted for with agonised thoroughness. The only other such famine that I can recall was in the spring of 1902, when the rubber-cored ball, the original Haskell, first appeared. For some little while the supply was not nearly equal to the demand, and people played with balls that had practically lost their paint and were full of deep fissures, while prices rose in an alarming and inflationary manner. Once the golfer had tasted the joy of hitting the new ball for, as it then seemed, incredible distances and with incredible ease, the notion of going back to the unresponsive gutty was not to be endured.

I can hardly think that this dearth in America of which Mr. Elmer Davis spoke will make itself felt for some little while; but it is rather interesting to imagine its effects. Will the golfers of America, who so regularly play four-ball matches, come, out of economy, to play more of what they call "Scotch" or "two-ball foursomes"? If so, in my conservative way, I think that the bitterly ill wind of the war will almost have blown somebody good. When, as we have often seen in Walker Cup matches, the Americans do play foursomes they play them uncommonly well and have been fully as successful in them as in the singles; but they have never come really to enjoy them, and I fancy the taste for the four-ball has become too deeply ingrained for anything permanently to oust it.

Last autumn a friend, who had been for a day or two at St. Andrews, wrote me a letter that I carefully put away for further reference. I put it away with such demoniacal thoroughness that, as is always the way with untidy people such as I am, I cannot now find it. I think, however, that he had been watching a couple on the New or the Jubilee course, who were playing with two communal clubs between them and but a single ball. It is a pathetic picture. Just suppose that one of them hit the ball into the deepest of the whins so that it was lost and the two had to walk drearily home, all that long way from the far end of the New course! What bitter reproaches, even if unspoken, would be seething in the breast of the innocent member of the partnership!

An odd thing happened to me once, in that I had to lend my opponent a ball in the Amateur Championship. It was at Muirfield, ages ago now, and this opponent was a great friend with whom I was staying at the time. We were both playing with the Zodiac ball which was at the time new and rather hard to come by. At about the fifth hole he hooked his Zodiac into the rough and lost it. He had no more, and I, putting as I hope a good face on it, gave him my one spare new one. I was as nearly as might be hoist with my own generous petard, for, though I ultimately won at the

twentieth hole, he had been two up with two to play. Suppose I had not been playing with a friend but with a complete stranger, what should I have done? It almost comes into the category of one of those old "hard cases" in *Vanity Fair*, which ended "What should A do?" No doubt A should have handed over his Zodiac, but he would hardly have felt in his heart the true glow of the Good Samaritan. Once upon a time, by the way, I myself ran clean out of balls at a nineteenth hole, so many did I put out of bounds, but that is another and a painful story, malignantly recorded against me in the books of reference.

Before golf has temporarily to come to an end on account of a ball famine, there will be a mighty searching in old cupboards and old lockers and old garden rooms, even in the pockets of old coats, and no doubt much treasure trove will turn up. By way of illustration, though from a different department of life, I habitually write poised on my shoulder-blades in a large armchair, whereupon loose coins tip themselves backwards out of my trouser pockets and vanish down the cracks of the chair. After this had been going on for some years I asked a then small daughter to conduct a systematic hunt through the chair, remuneration to be on a commission basis. We both profited, since she retrieved something over a pound in loose silver. I am sure that a national hunt for golf balls on the same principle would produce a surprising number of possibly dented and paintless relics of the past, which would yet be much better than none at all. Only the other day in Gloucestershire a kind shepherd of my acquaintance produced a couple of balls of prehistoric aspect which he had found in a field and believed to be mine. They were not mine, however, and must represent the secret practisings of some other golfer who has long since vanished. At least they are rubber-cores, not gutties,

and I may yet be thankful for them. Once in Surrey I was being shown over some land which, it was thought, might possibly make a golf course, and it would, incidentally, make a very good one. We were walking across a lonely field with never a single house in sight and in the middle of it we found an almost brand-new ball, lying clearly visible in the open. Who had been playing there and why had he suddenly and incontinently fled leaving that beautiful ball behind him? It is as profound a mystery as that of the *Marie Celeste* and will never be solved.

A period of being hard-up has sometimes a beneficial effect, and if we grow short of golf balls we shall grow a great deal better at "maring" them. I have personally become very careful in such solitary practising as I do, and whereas I used prodigally to hit two or three balls I now, as a rule, confine myself to one. A single ball one really ought not to lose, for one can mark the line with great exactitude by a tree and time after time one walks right on to the top of it, even if it is partially buried in a tuft. It is a very different matter if one hits two balls, even if they are more or less on the same line. It is, of course, another very valuable aid to finding a ball to pace the length of the shot. One comes to know with considerable accuracy how far one can hit with any particular club, and when one has paced something over that distance, there is nothing for it but to try back. At first one may flatter oneself that there was a little something of additional snap about that last shot which might account for a few extra yards of length; but a sad experience soon teaches one that this is not so. I have known a ball go farther than I have expected, but for every longer one I have found many shorter. There is nothing like a good, soft, tufty field to teach one the elements of humility.

FARMING NOTES

MILK PRODUCTION AND THE WAR IN THE PACIFIC

WAR in the Pacific is bound to cut down supplies of dairy produce and meat from Australia and New Zealand. Import statistics are not published in war-time, and only the Ministry of Food knows where the nation's rations of butter and cheese have been coming from in the last two years, but it is certain that the interference with shipments from Australia and New Zealand will make it more desirable than before that milk production here should be maintained and increased to provide fresh milk and also as much butter and cheese as possible. In practice, nothing sensational can be done to increase the milk output. Cows cannot be produced ready-made for the dairy herds to swell the output. We have to make the most of the cows and heifers we have and can get from Ireland.

MAKING the most of our herds means efficient management, proper feeding and precautions against the diseases which rob the milk pail. Efficient management is not always easy in these days when more skilled cowmen are being called up for service with the forces, and their places must be filled by willing, but inexperienced members of the Women's Land Army. I know of one heavy milking herd in which the daily milk yield dropped by 12 gallons when two novice milkmaids were taken on. They could milk, but they were strange to the cows and not really adepts. In fairness to the ladies who are tackling food production as their National Service in war-time, I must add that I also know of a herd of 40 cows, tended and milked solely by women, where the cows are averaging a steady 2½ gallons this winter.

It is the change-over that pulls down milk yields, and, when this happens in mid-winter, the output cannot be regained.

IN spite of the labour difficulty, efficient management can be attained in war-time. It may mean closer supervision and harder work by the farmer himself. It certainly involves the intelligent use of the cake and fodder that is available. No dairy farmer can complain about the rations he has been allowed for his cows this winter, and with abundant green crops and roots, as well as first-class hay, the cow's requirements are well met. The situation will not be so easy next winter. Not even the dairy farmer can count on full rations of cake. He will certainly be prudent to rely mainly on what he can grow for himself in the way of oats, beans and forage crops.

IHAVE referred before in these Notes to the losses in milk output due to udder diseases and sterility. The veterinary profession can help more than they have yet been encouraged to do. In war-time it ought not to be left to the whim of the individual dairy farmer, whether he calls in the "vet," or not. It is his duty to forestall serious trouble by using all the devices of science. Unfortunate delays have postponed the introduction of a panel system under which the farmer would have a call on veterinary service just as the employed man has a call on medical service when required. Not all the veterinary surgeons in the country are up to date in their knowledge and treatment of the diseases that affect the dairy cow, but gaps in their knowledge can be made good by refresher

courses if we get—as we should—a real drive against the diseases that are robbing farmers and the nation of many thousands of gallons of milk each year.

ADJUSTMENTS in milk prices are now on the way, and the producers' returns should in the next contract year, beginning in April, be commensurate with war-time costs. It is satisfactory that at long last the Milk Marketing Board and the National Farmers' Union have recognised that the regional pool prices ruling in 1938-39 are no measure of present-day costs, and that flat-rate additions to these regional pool prices do not operate fairly between one part of the country and another. To-day there is a national minimum wage, and most other costs are standardised for the whole country. A national price for milk is the obvious corollary. Who will complain if the West Country feels much encouraged by receiving a price level with the Home Counties that milk production increases in Devon and Somerset? It is in the national interest that every part of the country should devote its energies to the type of production for which its conditions are best suited, especially if that production happens to be milk,

which is at the top of the priority list in war-time.

LORD WOOLTON certainly will not complain if the West Country farmers manage on a national price to increase their milk output. What is not wanted for immediate consumption as fresh milk can be turned into butter and cheese, which will be acceptable enough to him. It is curious, by the way, how Lord Woolton cannot get into his head the importance of the contribution British agriculture now makes to feeding the nation. He persists in talking about imports and the wonders his Ministry has performed in bringing in from abroad the supplies which have kept us well fed so far. Lord Woolton will now have to change his tune, and count the blessings which British agriculture showers on his department.

WE are all asked to thresh wheat and supply all we can to keep the mills going for the next three or four months. Fewer ships are available for bringing in wheat from Canada. They are needed for cargoes to the East. Rather than deplete stocks of imported wheat held in stores all over the country, the Government have decided to require farmers to market all their

wheat by the end of May in England and the end of June in Scotland. This will put great pressure on the threshing capacity in the counties. Indeed, it is most unlikely that all the wheat in England can be threshed by the end of May if the dairy herds are to get the oats they need and everyone is to get the seed oats and seed barley needed for spring sowing.

THE priority to be given to wheat threshing may mean something in some districts. In my district it is pointless because all the ricks remaining are either wheat or corn needed for feeding this winter or for spring sowing. The threshing machines could, I believe, work a fuller day, especially on the small dairy farms, if the contractor would make up a bigger team so that a start could be made in the mornings without waiting for the milkers to finish in the cowshed. In some parts of the country, Kent for one, the Women's Land Army are making up the threshing teams, and I am told everyone is satisfied. The threshing contractor gets a full day worked and the farmer is not harried over his milking. Now that the days are lengthening the machines ought to be showing a bigger output if they are worked full days.

CINCINNATUS.

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. CHURCHILL'S ANCESTRY

SIR,—Mr. Lamborn, who writes on the ancestry of Mr. Churchill in the issue of December 19, makes one ludicrous mistake.

He appears to have read his Horace Round in places only. The serious genealogist must take exception to "Banquo, ancestor of the Scottish kings." We thought that Round had killed Banquo, along with many another genealogical myth and had firmly established the fact that the Scottish kings descended from Flaad, of Dol, in Normandy, in common with the Fitzalan, Earls of Arundel—Walter, the Steward, being a cadet of that ancient house.—B. C. TRAPPES-LOMAX, *Great Hockham Hall, Norwich*.

[We have submitted Mr. Trappes-Lomax's letter to Mr. E. A. Greening Lamborn, who writes as follows ;

"The severity of Mr. Lomax's criticism reminds me of Falstaff's ruthlessness on the field of Shrewsbury. It did not need such devastating erudition to dispose of Banquo: he disappeared from the books of reference in the last century, and even in the ancient copies of Burke, long since relegated to the servants' hall, his place in the Stewart pedigree is occupied by Mr. Lomax's Flaad, whom the *Complete Peerage* prefers to call Fleald. But like the Witches with whom he held converse, he lives still when Fleald has been dead these thousand years. Mr. Lomax may know the one, but all the world knows the other, and knows too that, for the pedant and the pedagogue, he never existed—any more than Falstaff or Mr. Micawber. When, therefore, I quoted the national legend that makes him ancestor of the Scottish kings, I no more expected to be taken literally than when I spoke of Woden as the forefather of George VI. In saying that Mr. Churchill was descended from the royal houses of England and Scotland I was revealing a genealogical fact unknown to the general public; and in adding a reference to Woden and Banquo I imagined that the fiction heightened the interest of the fact without deceiving anyone, for even those who are not genealogists and who have forgotten their school history remember *Macbeth* and the *Hero as Divinity*. Mr. Lomax, however, evidently takes a lower view of your readers' intelligence, and, if he is right, I must apologise to any I may have misled; as an endeavour to make some amends I may now inform them of the death of Queen Anne.



A VERY OLD COTTAGE IN PEMBROKESHIRE

(See letter "A Mediaeval Cottage?")

"Let me add, if we must be pedantic, that in his eagerness to attack, Mr. Lomax, like the Huns on the Russian front, has outrun his supports. If he had taken Routh's advice to verify his references he, and, if he had cited them, your readers, would have discovered that Walter the Steward, so far from being a cadet of the Earls of Arundel, was the brother of the man whose descendants, long afterwards, obtained that earldom through a marriage with its heiress, and, what any schoolboy's atlas shows, that Dol is not in Normandy, but, since Fleald was a Breton, in Brittany. Finally, to enable your readers to verify the facts, I will repair Mr. Lomax's omissions by supplying the sources from which he might have obtained them: They are *Complete Peerage*, I 239, V 391, and J. H. Round, *Studies in Peerage and Family History*, p. 115, and *Ancestor* I 218.—Ed.]

TURN OUT YOUR PAPER

SIR,—A fairly prolific source of clean waste paper seems to have been overlooked so far. I refer to the vacant sheets at the beginning and end of all books, these being of thicker paper, as a rule, than that used for the letter-press and quite unsoiled by printers'

ink. I have been surprised at the weight of paper salvaged from this source in my own limited library, and if similar action were generally taken by book-owners, the result would be very considerable. One can hardly expect people to scrap all their books, but these spare sheets serve no useful purpose.—C. H. R. THORN, 9, *Grange Gardens, Eastbourne*. [Their purpose is to strengthen the binding, but, wherever possible, we are informed by a large firm of binders, they are being dispensed with.—Ed.]

AN APPEAL TO AUTHORS

SIR,—You have appealed, I trust successfully, to your readers to sacrifice their private papers, from love letters to receipted bills, but I fancy that there may be one class still hoarding good salvage to which you might more pointedly address yourself—I refer to authors. As I am one myself I am in the position to know that quite apart from those MSS. which, for one reason or another, have never seen the light of day, most of us treasure not only printed copies of our works, but not only possibly a final typewritten version, but others on which we have worked and—this is a trade secret and nothing but the urgency of the

case would induce me to give it away—too often the original manuscript. It may be that we have read of MSS. that have produced vast sums in the saleroom long after their author's demise, and that we are unwilling to deprive our families of the possibilities of so much wealth. At the moment, however, the chance of that seems less important than that the families should survive to inherit a free England.—COLOPHON.

A MEDIAEVAL COTTAGE?

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot of an old cottage in the village of Cilgerran, on the Teivy, in Pembrokeshire, which, according to some local guides, dates from the twelfth century. Certainly this seems to be wishful thinking, but the doorway suggests that it may well be of mediaeval date.—H. W. M., *Selby*.

THE NEW FOREST PONIES

SIR,—In reading Major Jarvis's remarks on proposals to improve the New Forest Commons, I was glad to note that the improvement was intended, *not* for the Forest ponies, but for cattle. As a farmer, farming on the edge of the Forest, I, like my neighbours, am constantly troubled by the said ponies which are forever breaking their way into pastures and crops and doing damage. I much hope that this point will be adhered to, and no countenance given to these pests. They serve no useful purpose, and are a hindrance to food production. The true, sturdy, Forest breed, capable of living entirely and contentedly on the Forest all the year round has been lost through misguided attempts at improvement of the breed, and I can see no reason in these hard times for the retention of the present mixed strain. When the war is over we shall all be much poorer and I doubt the continuance of the expensive hobby of horsemanship which provided their limited market in pre-war days. I and many others with me would like to see them done away with.—NEW FOREST FARMER.

"RIVALS TO THE TURKEY"

SIR,—London's Zoo used to have two or three great bustards, and my snapshot shows the cock bird in the half-display position. (That the display habits should be so closely comparable with those of tom turkeys seems to be worthy of note.) It is known that attempts to domesticate great bustards were made a century and a half ago, and also that there was a vain effort to re-establish the species as a resident (wild) nesting bird in Britain some 35-40 years ago; but can anyone



COCK-BUSTARD IN HALF DISPLAY

(See letter "Rivals to the Turkey")

say whether any serious and scientific experiments at the domestication of these fine fowl have been made within living memory?

A modern rival to the turkey may be added to those of old. Some five or six years ago the Russians were reported to have established four great emu farms near Leningrad and Moscow, and at that time 3,000 emus were said to have been reared. They were killed at the age of one year, when they were said to taste something like turkey and to be of a convenient size for communal dining tables. How these emu farms may

have prospered up to 1940, and what may lately have been their fate, I do not know. In parts of their native Australia emus are serious pests and the Commonwealth Army has more than once lent Lewis-gun squads for action against them.—AUTOLYCUS, Berkshire.

THE LAND OF EELS

SIR,—In his article on *Eel-catching, a Neglected Industry*, (December 19), Mr. Jim Vincent relates how, after the last war, the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries asked owners of waters to take elvers from the River Severn in order to increase the eel-population in other parts of the country. Until I recently went to live in Gloucestershire I did not realise that Severn-side is the land of eels. Above and below Gloucester, in that remote low-lying belt of country bordering the river, are such villages as Elmore and Elmore Back (the name surely referring to eels rather than to elms as the place-name experts maintain), Ashleworth Quay, Stonebench, Farley's End, Longrey, Arlingham, Framilode, and Epnay. At many of these are evidences of the elver-catching industry: at Epnay there are groups of wooden sheds forming a centre, run by enterprising Germans before the war, which exported great quantities.

Though the home market generally neglected eels, there was, and is, a strong local relish for elvers. All along Severn-side eel-broth and eel-stew and the white transparent elvers are much in demand. In May, when the elver season is in, one can see great buckets filled with what looks like hundreds of tiny jellied whitebait standing in most fish-shops. There are even elvers bars where they can be eaten either cooked in sizzling hot bacon fat or marinated cold in vinegar. An odd local cheese is made from their solidified bodies. "Elvers eaters" is the local, affectionate, sobriquet for the men of Gloucester, as when spectators desire to rally the city's football team.

Elvers seem to be generally caught on Severn-side in putcheons or in nets stretched on a Y-shaped prong attached to a long thin handle. Forked stakes hold the net to the river-bank, when it is half-sunk in the flood tide, and there a lantern is suspended above the net to cast a light over the water and thus attract the elvers, like watery moths, into the mouth of the net below. The elver-fisher's traditional point of vantage, known as a "tump," is a valued family possession, handed on from

father to son. Wicker putcheons are peculiar objects. One type used in sandy estuaries is reminiscent of an Italian oil-jar in shape. Another, long and tubular, is divided into sections, each having a trap-door. Putcheons weighted by special incised stones are sunk in the river-bed to ensure the elvers inside are kept lively and fresh.

There is a large collection of eel-spears, called shears in the Hooper Museum in Foregate Street, Gloucester, some as long as 30ft. Spear-throwing, of course, is far from being peculiar to Severn-side. In the Kent and Sussex marshes eels used to be referred to, last century, as "the gentlemen who paid the rent" on many a marsh farm.

Those who have once overcome the irrational prejudice against this most delicious and nutritive of foods—*au matelot*, *à la Flamande*, eel pie, and so on—wish that eel- and elver-catching were established as a national industry. I owe my photographs to the courtesy of *The Gloucestershire Countryside*.—BEA HOWE, Bedford.

A LIAR'S MEMORIAL

SIR,—A lie which had fatal results is commemorated by the Market Cross at Devizes, Wiltshire.

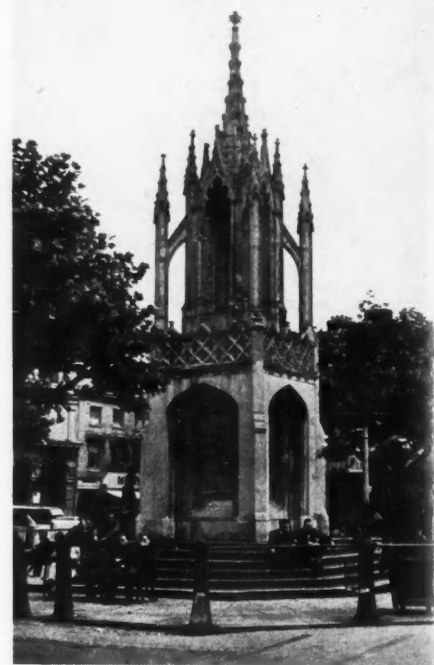
On January 25, 1753, Ruth Pierce, of Potterne, agreed with two other women to buy a sack of wheat in the market, each to pay her due share towards the cost. One of these women in collecting the quotas discovered a deficiency and demanded of Ruth Pierce the sum which was wanting to make good the amount.

Ruth protested that she had paid her share, saying "May I drop down dead this instant if I haven't paid." She rashly repeated this wish, when to the horror of her companions she instantly fell down and expired with the money still concealed in her hand.—PLOVER.

MARGAM CHAPTER HOUSE

SIR,—You may like to use the enclosed photograph of the ruined chapter house at Margam Abbey, the sale of which was reported in *COUNTRY LIFE* (October 3). The chapter house must have been one of the most beautiful in this country before it was allowed to fall into decay.

Margam was founded in 1147 by Robert, Earl of Gloucester, a son of Henry I, and the nave, in the Norman style, remains to form the parish



THE MARKET CROSS AT DEVIZES, COMMEMORATING THE FATE OF A LIAR

(See letter "A Liar's Memorial")

church. The rest of the church was destroyed: it was in the Early English style and the foundations can be traced in the grounds of the modern house that took its place. The chapter house is 12-sided, with a single clustered column in the centre, which formerly supported a vaulted roof in 12 compartments, the interior walls being circular.

This roof fell as late as 1799. The building is lighted by nine tall lancets: it is approached by a vestibule, which remains in fair preservation.

Margam was one of the most important abbeys in Wales, with a wonderful library. At the Dissolution, the last abbot was given a pension and the place was bought by Sir Rice Mansel, the King's "faithful friend and councillor." He converted part of the abbey into a residence and the family lived there for two centuries.—M. JONES, Cardiff.

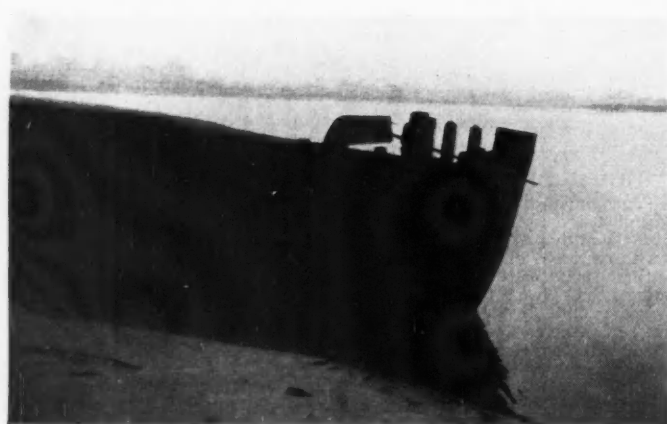
A MIRROR FOR GOLFERS
SIR,—I enclose a photograph, taken at Elie, Fife, shortly before the outbreak of war, which may be of interest to your readers.

On the golf course there, there is a rise over which the starter cannot see, immediately in front of the first tee. At one time a man was employed to stand at the top of the hill and signal when the fairway was clear for the



ELVER NET; THE STAKES HOLD IT TO THE BANK

(See letter "The Land of Eels")



A FINE "TUMP": THE ELVER-FISHER'S VANTAGE POINT

(See letter "The Land of Eels")



RUINS OF THE TWELVE-SIDED CHAPTER HOUSE OF MARGAM ABBEY

(See letter "Margam Chapter House")

GEORGIAN CABINET- MAKERS

From Sir Ambrose Heal,

SIR,—The interesting articles which have lately been appearing in COUNTRY LIFE on Georgian Cabinet-makers by Mr. Ralph Edwards and Miss Margaret Jourdain have brought to notice the names of some eminent makers which were probably unknown to many readers. Of the two dozen or so master craftsmen mentioned in the course of these articles it is fairly safe to assume that not more than five or six were known outside a very limited circle of connoisseurs. The amateur of antique furniture is at a disadvantage compared with the collector of, say, old clocks, pewter or china where the article bears the mark or name of the maker or, as in the case of silver-ware, the actual date is

registered for him. With old furniture however it is extremely rare to find the maker's name or his trade-label on a piece. A cloud of anonymity covers the work of most of the eighteenth-century cabinet-makers in spite of the fact that the names of two or three are familiar household words.

Even inside the small circle of high authorities on this subject, such as are the writers of these articles, it is rarely that we hear the names other than those of the 20 or 30 makers who have been referred to. Cobb, Vile, Hallett, Seddon, Gumley, Goodison, Jensen and a few others are continually being mentioned, but mainly because their names occur in the accounts of the Royal Household or in those of a few well-known large houses where the makers' bills have been carefully preserved. From the continued repetition of these few names



A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE NORTH STAR
This shows the rotation of other stars around it

(See letter "The Pole-star")

the impression might be gathered that cabinet-making and upholstery in the eighteenth century was in the hands of quite a small handful of men, whereas there were a large number of eminent makers of this period who were evidently doing first-class work but hitherto have remained unidentified. Outside these well explored sources of information identification of makers with their furniture is not so easy, but names of prominent firms, the places where they worked, and the years in which they flourished might be ascertained if more use were made of material which is to hand or which might be collected.

Miss Jourdain and Mr. Edwards in the second article of their series (September 26) refer to the existence of tradesmen's cards and they mention that "a fair number" are represented in my collection though, as they point out—and I quite agree—these are "few indeed if compared with the multitude who carried on business throughout this period." My collection runs into some thousands of trade-cards and billheads of eighteenth-century London shopkeepers, but the number belonging to the furniture trade "are few indeed"—not more than a couple of hundred or so—in comparison with the number who were engaged on it in that period.

But, backing up the collection, I have for many years been compiling records of London cabinet-makers, upholsterers, carvers and turners who were working during this time, and these notes give me access to the names, addresses and dates of about 3,500 firms. They have been taken from contemporary advertisements, early directories and various other sources; many of them consist of one single entry, but others provide a sequence of dates, changes of address from one street to another, or the succession of a business from one person to another.

Occasionally it happens that these records help to fill in gaps. For example, in the above-mentioned article the writers refer to a very fine walnut cabinet marked with the name of Samuel Bennett, described as being one of "the best known pieces in the National Collection—but nothing is known of its accomplished maker," and the closest approximation that can be given to its date is that it was probably made in "the first years of the century." My notes enable me to add that Samuel Bennett's address was "at



THE STARTER'S MIRROR AT ELIE GOLF COURSE

(See letter "A Mirror for Golfers")

next players to drive off, but this method was not altogether satisfactory, and about four years ago a mirror was mounted on top of the Club-house roof so that the starter could see in it the reflection of the fairway beyond the rise, and use his own judgment in the matter of starting the players.

Although the mirror has been removed from the roof as a war-time measure, the brackets which supported it have been left, and there seems little doubt that it will be re-mounted when the war is over.—SCOTTISH GOLFER.

A HOUSE AT BIBURY

SIR,—You may like to use the enclosed photograph of Pigeon House Farm, at Bibury, with its fine fourteenth-century chimney. There cannot be very many houses still inhabited that can show the smoke of 500 years blackening their chimneys. The gables with windows to light an upper storey are probably later than the original house, which would have been of one storey only.—M. W., Hereford.



PIGEON HOUSE FARM AT BIBURY

(See letter "A House at Bibury")

THE POLE-STAR

SIR,—While undergoing map-reading instruction in the Home Guard recently, the pupils, of whom I was one, were informed that the Pole-star remains more or less stationary in the heavens, and that all other stars appear to rotate round it as centre. This is common knowledge, and the above statements were accepted without question by everyone present.

It occurred to me that a time-exposure photograph of the heavens would illustrate this point in an interesting and convincing way, and I therefore decided to take such a photograph when weather conditions were suitable.

Two or three days after the last quarter of the moon in October of last year, there was little cloud and not too much mist. Using a fast panchromatic film in my Rolleicord camera with the aperture of the Triotar lens XX opened to f4.5, I rested the camera on my window ledge so that it pointed to the Pole-star, and opened for about one and a half hours. The film was then removed from the camera and developed in M.C.M. 100 for one and a half times normal time. Exposure and development were about right, and the negative proved to be quite suitable for enlarging.—D. C. FINLAY, 23, Victoria Park Drive South, Glasgow, W.4.



Benetton, Locking, Glases, Tables and stannos, Serice, chests of Drawers, And Curious inlaid Figures for any worke made and sold By Phillip Hunt at J. Locking Glase & Cabinet at East end of St. Pauls Church



(Left) **THE TRADE-CARD OF PHILLIP HUNT. EARLY XVIIIth CENTURY**
(Right) **MEMBERSHIP CARD, UNITED SOCIETY OF CABINET-MAKERS, 1801**
(See letter "Georgian Cabinet-makers")

the Sign of the Cabinet in Lothbury" and also that he was working there in 1723. Similarly with regard to the maker of a superb embroidered bed at Erthig in Denbighshire in 1720, which was illustrated on page 909 in the issue of November 14, of which we are told merely that it was supplied by a "Mr. Hunt." I venture to think that it would add not a little interest if we could be told that it was probably made by "Phillip Hunt at Ye Looking Glas & Cabenett at East end of St. Pauls Church Yard" who made "Cabenetts, Looking Glasses, Tables and Stanns, Scretors, Chests of Drawers And Curious inlaid Figures for any worke" as indeed seems most likely. His very characteristic trade-card, here illustrated, showing an inlaid cabinet reflected in a mirror elaborately framed, is to be found in the well-known Douce collection in the Bodleian Library. The card is of a date which corresponds with that of the bed, and as I find no other contemporary maker who bears this name the speculation seems to be worth consideration.

Of the "James Moore" described as "the Royal Cabinet-maker" who supplied other furnishings at Erthig it would be interesting to know whether he was the James Moore who was in partnership with John Gunley of St. Giles-in-the-Fields and who died in 1727 (*Weekly Journal*, October 22, 1727), or was it his son of the same name who received the Royal appointment in 1732? Presumably neither of these was the J. Moore, an upholsterer of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, who was imprisoned in the Marshalsea in 1720, unless some error of transcription has crept in. I have a note of another J. Moore, an upholsterer of this time, who worked at the "Indian Queen and White Hart" in Houndsditch in 1720. It would be of interest to know whether the compilers of the article on *Some Lesser-known Masters* could identify this "John Moore" more closely.



TWIN THATCHED LODGES AT BURRINGTON

(See letter "Thatched Lodges")

In their article of December 12 the writers refer to the lack of any statutory organisation of the cabinet-makers in this country at all comparable with that of the French *ébénistes* of the eighteenth century which exacted a standard of workmanship and maintained a register of all those admitted to its membership. In this connection mention is made of a drawing by T. H. Shepherd, about the year 1830, of the premises of the "Cabinet Makers' Society" of the constitution of which, the writers say, nothing is known. I am unaware whether this would be the same institution as the United Society of Cabinet-makers, of which I am able to show a membership card dated 1801, and which may have been some sort of mutual insurance or benevolent body, as the legend on the tool-chest runs: "To repair the Loss of Tools by Fire the Chief end of our Meeting." I have been unable to trace the address of this society from any of the contemporary London directories in my

possession.—AMBROSE HEAL, Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

AN UNUSUAL FUNGUS-ANIMAL

SIR,—This year, during a Fungus Foray in Horner Woods, Exmoor, by the members of the West Somerset Branch, Somerset Archaeological and Natural History Society, a rare species of fungus was discovered, hitherto unrecorded in West Somerset and perhaps in the county. This was *Stemonitis confluens*, a species of the Mycetozoa group of fungi, 115 other species of which have been located in the region during the past 20 years. Most of them are inconspicuous objects in the field, though of great beauty when examined under a microscope. The one found shows an exceptionally large development. The dark-coloured plasmodium (light yellow in its early stages) was oozing out of the wood over an area of several feet, in some places even hanging

down in a mass, suggestive of a swarm of bees. The mature sporangia are a rusty brown and difficult to detect against the bark of the trees. The organisms of *Stemonitis confluens* engulf bacteria as they progress through the tissue of the decayed timber.—ALFRED VOWLES, *Hopcott, Minehead*.

THATCHED LODGES

SIR,—The twin lodges with their demure thatched roofs and central chimneys to be seen in my photograph are those of Mendip Lodge at Burrington, Somerset, well known for itscombe where there are four natural caverns, one supposed to have been used as a catacomb.—F. R. WESTON, *Bristol*.

WEATHER FORECAST

SIR,—A current issue of *The Hungarian Quarterly*—strangely defying wars and occupations—reached me just before Christmas, and in it I found an article on the superstitions in common of England and Hungary. Among these was one of which I had never heard here: that the 12 days before Christmas, beginning on St. Luce's Day (December 13), foretell the weather for the next 12 months. This inspired me to keep a weather diary for London which it may amuse your readers to see: December 13 (January)—dampish, windy and cold, rain late in the day; 14 (February)—violent wind, rain, moderate temperature; 15 (March)—fine, dry, moderate temperature; 16 (April)—sunny and warm; 17 (May)—wet, then fine, growing colder; 18 (June)—fine, medium temperature; 19 (July)—cold and foggy, frost, no wind; 20 (August)—fog (!); 21 (September)—coldish, dull and damp; 22 (October)—mild and damp, turning to rain; 23 (November)—cold and damp, becoming sunny; 24 (December)—cold and sunny.—ELIZABETH STEWARD, *Crouch End, N.8*.

THE ESTATE MARKET

SALE OR PURCHASE OF 46,000 ACRES

AN interesting survey of their work in the past exceptionally difficult year, is sent us by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, who, writing from Hanover Square, report that their activities have included the sale or purchase for clients of over 46,000 acres of freehold land. The sales have included the disposal of a number of large estates in lots by public auction, in addition to many transactions by private treaty. They add: "The demand for farms has far exceeded the supply, a fact which has been amply demonstrated on various occasions at auction by the number and keenness of bidders and the results obtained. The increased activity in the Market which became evident in 1940 was well maintained throughout the whole of 1941, and all forms of freehold properties in the rural districts, and in particular within reasonable access to London and other large towns, are in continuous demand."

FOR OCCUPATION

THE survey goes on to say that "Although it may generally be assumed that the great proportion of purchasers have bought mainly for investment, there has been an even keener interest in farms, small holdings and cottages, for occupation. The recent Defence Regulation, which places a severe restriction against serving notices to quit to agricultural tenants, has not been in operation long enough for its influence on market values to be apparent, but it will be interesting to see how prices of farms offered with vacant possession will be affected. It would appear that prices for such properties will rise substantially."

A very interesting section of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's report deals with timber:

"Throughout the year," they say "the demand for timber, especially for soft woods, has been exceptionally keen and the firm has dealt with some large areas, and, in three recent transactions alone, over one million and a-half cubic feet have been accounted for. Far-seeing merchants have been purchasing considerable areas of growing timber, largely consisting of oak and other hardwood varieties, with the land upon which it stands. Home-

grown timber is likely to be in ever-increasing demand for many years to come."

TRANSACTIONS IN LONDON

DURING 1941," they state, "the lack of demand for the purchase of properties in London either for investment or occupation continued, but there was a marked improvement in lettings of accommodation for use for office purposes, due primarily to the requirements of business undertakings whose premises have been destroyed by enemy action or requisitioned by Government departments." They note that "The preference for steel-framed buildings continues, and the shortage in this direction is increasing. To some extent it has been met by utilising modern blocks of residential flats and this in turn has reduced the supply of residential accommodation, for which there is a considerable demand in the case of the smaller flats."

Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley have been engaged in a large number of war damage claims relating to property in and around London; in many cases repayment of expenditure on a cost of works basis has been received, but so far no value payments have been made. Permission to rebuild has been granted where damaged premises were connected with essential war industries, and a considerable volume of work is in hand under their supervision. The firm has also been busily engaged in many compensation cases (on behalf of both the Government and other clients) in regard to premises which have been requisitioned.

In the sale of furniture and chattels, in Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley's auction galleries and elsewhere, there has been great activity. They report that "Prices have risen, and are continuing to rise, for all types of furniture excepting very large old-fashioned pieces of the Victorian era. Sales of silver are producing increasingly high figures, and with jewellery, the rise in prices obtained is even more pronounced."

FIRST SALES OF THE YEAR

IN the first fortnight of 1942, Messrs. Harrods Estate Offices have effected about a dozen sales

of country residential freeholds, and a number of suburban and outer-suburban houses. Among the properties disposed of are: Steellands, Ticehurst, with Messrs. Gering and Colyer; Ravensworth, Epping; Murtmoor, Puttenham, near Guildford, with Messrs. Wellesley-Smith and Co.; Warren House, Oxshott; Tylden, Warnham, near Horsham, with Messrs. King and Chasemore; The Old House, Eastergate, near Chichester, with Messrs. Whitehead and Whitehead; Red House, Waresley, near Sandy; Harewood, Chalfont St. Giles; and, with Messrs. Cockram, Dobbs and Stagg, Devonshire property, at South Molton.

WOODLANDS AND WAR DEMAND

HISTORY is repeating itself in regard to timber growing, felling and selling. The following quotation, from an address delivered in December, 1920, by a leading land agent and valuer, applies in large part to the position to-day: "As a result of the demand during the war (1914-18) and the scarcity of foreign supplies, English timber came into its own. Prices rose steadily, with the inevitable result that the commodity was eventually controlled. Timber buyers were anxious to purchase. High prices prevailed, and some varieties, such as ash, realised before control as much as 10s. a foot cube, the straight butts being required for aeroplane work. Elm was in demand for shell cases, and firs generally for pit-props and revetting work in France. Woodlands on estates have in the past been a doubtful source of direct income. Undergrowth has been cut every 12 to 15 years and has produced a return which generally has been hardly more than sufficient to pay the rates levied on the land during its growth. Timber has been thinned and sold at certain years of growth, and the planting of young trees has involved a heavy outlay of capital on which no return has been obtained for many years, though in the meanwhile rates have been levied on such plantations. There has, however, been to hand an indirect return in the value of the sporting and the covert for shooting or hunting, yet the capital realisation of the timber has been a big asset to the landowner, though the denuded land is worth only a few pounds per acre."

ARBITER.

MACHINERY ON THE FARM

By H. C. LONG

IN these days of mechanisation the provision of high-grade farm tractors and implements, and their most effective use, are matters of the highest importance to the food production effort.

Since the outbreak of war a great deal has been done to increase the quantity of machinery. For example, on June 4, 1939, farms in the United Kingdom carried 52,000 tractors. By the end of 1941 upwards of 71,000 had been added, and after allowing some 20,000 for wastage—mainly, perhaps, the older machines—there are now at the service of our farmers about twice the number mustered in 1939.

During the same period there has been also a considerable increase in other forms of farm machinery—tractor ploughs, disc harrows, corn mills, manure distributors, binders, threshing machines, potato diggers, milking machines and other farm machinery generally.

Considerable help has been afforded to farmers throughout the country by the utilisation of Government machinery by the County War Agricultural Executive Committees, who are able to make use of a pool of some 6,000 tractors, 6,000 tractor ploughs, 5,000 binders, 500 threshing machines, and so on. The County Committees lend machinery on hire, arrange for work to be done by contractors, or operate directly. Without such help it is stated that many small farmers would not have been in a position to carry on their work effectively, and even so one gathers that here and there bad organisation led to loss of crops.

It is obvious that existing international conditions will make it impossible for us to import tractors and other machinery so plentifully as hitherto—in 1941 we were apparently particularly fortunate. Reductions in imports make it incumbent upon us in Britain to deal speedily and thoroughly with such questions as a greatly increased home output; the greater and

more continuous use of existing machinery; the most effective distribution of all machinery—especially new Fordson tractors; standardisation of design; improved organisation of the industry; research; repairs and maintenance.

Many of these questions—indeed, all of them—are now being energetically dealt with by the Ministry of Agriculture in co-operation with a Joint Standing Committee of the Agricultural Engineers' Association representing all sections of the agricultural engineering industry. It will include representatives of the A.E.A.; the Agricultural Tractor Section of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders; the Agricultural Machinery Dealers' Association; the Scottish Agricultural Machinery Association; the National Federation of Ironmongers; the Machine, Knife and Allied Trades' Association; and of firms not already affiliated to a society.

This means that a single body will represent the industry and act with the Ministry in relation to the various problems connected with the provision, efficiency and distribution of tractors and other farm machinery.

Here it should be said that every endeavour will be made to ensure that from February 1 new tractors shall go to specially urgent and approved applicants—those who are most in need of them. The distributive trade will still act as agent between manufacturer and farmer, but the needs of farmers will be examined by the County Committees, on whose priority certificate a tractor will be supplied.

Since the outbreak of war the greater part of the enormous increase in machinery—the greater part, be it remembered, supplied by our own engineering industry—has gone to farmers themselves, as the pool figures may suggest. It will henceforth be essential to concentrate on a greatly increased home output, and more complete use of what we have—to reach as near 100 per cent. efficiency as possible.

On January 8, a meeting was held to form the Standing Committee already mentioned, Sir Donald Vandepuer, of the Ministry, presiding, and explaining the consultative and advisory functions which it is hoped the new Committee will fulfil. Mr. Deck, President of the Agricultural Engineers' Association, described the Committee's organisation and work. At a conference on January 14, Sir Donald Vandepuer gave an account of the many aspects of farm mechanisation.

A point of some importance is the urgent need to economise in rubber, so largely used for wheels of tractors. This matter is already the subject of discussion.

The research side of farm machinery is an important one, for there are many sides of farming not yet effectively mechanised—harvesting of corn, potatoes and sugar beet. To ensure methodical attack on such problems the Ministry has set up an Agricultural Machinery Development Board. This Board is composed of leading farmers, manufacturers and engineers, whose object will be to guide and direct the improvement of existing machines and the perfecting of new ones. This should be a definite step in the right direction, as far too little attention has been paid to design and improvement in the past. Further, the demand for tractors and other implements is stated to exceed the supply, so that it is particularly desirable to increase the output.

One other matter. There are certainly many farmers, though not so many as formerly, whose tractor or tractors, as well as other machinery, cannot be held to be fully occupied at all times when conditions permit—mainly because they have insufficient work for them. To these farmers the Government would say: "Do all you can to help your neighbours by letting them use your machinery when you are not working it." It may be on an exchange basis, or on hire. Further: "Do everything possible to keep your machinery in the best condition for work, and attend to repairs and spare parts at once when they are needed." These two points might well be of immense help.

SOLUTION to No. 625.

The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of January 16, will be announced next week.



ACROSS.

- 1 and 5. The sort of voyage that is only a dream till after the war (two words, 8, 6)
9. A queer anatomy that sets heel in wing! (8)
10. Clear and shining, though lame at first (6)
11. Stretched out (8)
13. The road on which one travels in such a way as to put the second syllable first (6)
14. The angler would not have found Aaron's useful (3)
16. His weight in and out of the farm-yard counts little, his courage much (6)
19. Sea duty one day a week? If wet, 6 describes it (7)
20. Put forth (and half out already) (6)
21. Pitt suggested rolling up Europe's (3)
26. Never despatched (6)
27. Whereon the flower of England grows (two words, 4, 4)
28. A judge in Israel (6)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 626

A prize of books to the value of two guineas, drawn from those published by COUNTRY LIFE, will be awarded for the first correct solution to this puzzle opened in this office. Solutions should be addressed (in a closed envelope) "Crossword No. 626, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," and must reach this office not later than the **first post on the morning of Thursday, January 29, 1942.**

The winner of Crossword No. 624 is

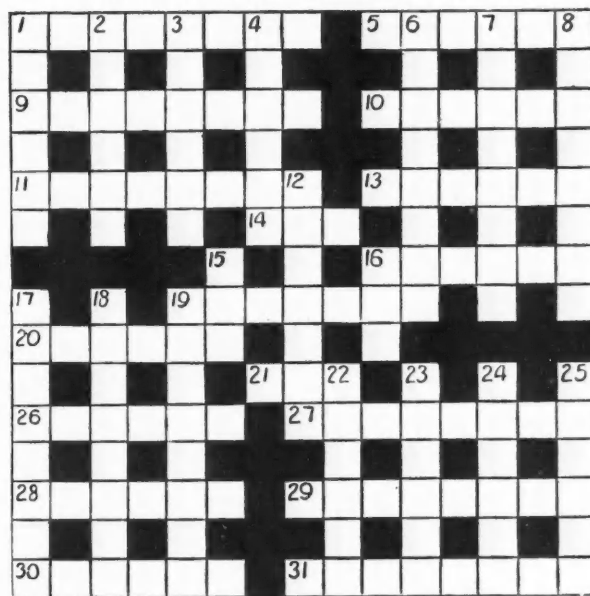
Miss Susan Beresford, 7, Quiet Street, Bath, Somerset.

29. Rightabout for 12? (two words, 4, 4)
30. Prim (6)
31. Suggests that its manual tasks cannot be done by a slave, though he be given *carte blanche* (two words, 4, 4)

DOWN.

1. Keep it dry, Cromwell advised (6)
2. It may be a secret (6)
3. A favourite yachting water seems thus to have been loaned (6)
4. It is not beyond the powers of an old bean to be one (6)
6. The time we used to save for (two words, 5, 3)
7. "Tin lamps" (anagr.) (8)
8. Inside of a sponge looks like the finish of some! (8)
12. Though not a comet, surely a tail-wagger! (two words, 3, 4)
15. The twice superlatively unkind dealt by Shakespeare (3)
16. The sportsman's has nothing to do with a belfry (3)
17. Soothes (8)
18. Superintended, and spied red (8)
19. His shifty principles might even be patriotic in these days of clothes coupons (8)
22. You may be one when you drop a letter in the box, but it's usually on a hoarding (6)
23. Last carriage (6)
24. Abnormal condition caused by injury (6)
25. "The blessed damozel — out From the gold bar of Heaven." —Rossetti (6)

"COUNTRY LIFE" CROSSWORD No. 626



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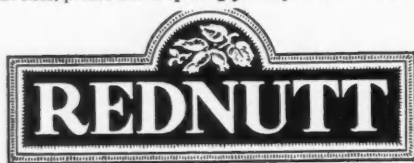
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NEW BOOKS

AN APOLOGIST OF THE RIVIERA

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM, whose autobiography *The Pool of Memory* is published by Hodder and Stoughton (12s. 6d.), has spent

many years of his life upon the French Riviera. This is a district, the author tells us, "which has been treated harshly by a certain type of critic," but he himself is not prepared to see much harm in it. Indeed, it appears that those who have had some doubts as to whether this celebrated district was notably contributing to our civilisation are all wrong, for the French Riviera is "full of people who have caught up and developed the gift of living with that sort of gracious ease so well understood by the light-hearted philosophers of Athens and Rome and their predecessors, thousands of years backwards down the avenues of history, of the lost cities of Egypt and China."

For myself, I am not competent to discuss the philosophers, light-hearted or otherwise, of Greece and Rome, to say nothing of the beings, so conveniently vague, who inhabited the lost cities of Egypt and China; but I do at any rate know that some of them were not so light-hearted as all that. I do not imagine that Socrates, Marcus Aurelius or Epictetus would join voices with Mr. Phillips Oppenheim in belauding, particularly at the present juncture of human affairs, Blue Trains, baccarat and roulette.

There is no reason why Mr. Oppenheim should not like and defend the life of the Riviera, but there is every reason why he should not write nonsense in its defence; and it may as well be stated that if Monte Carlo, for example, is worth defending, then all that is being talked to-day about a more intelligent world is not worth pursuing.

SUICIDES' SETTING

Mr. Oppenheim tells us with some pride of a fight he once waged on behalf of Monte Carlo. "No other community in the world has spent so much, and so tastefully, upon its buildings, its staff of croupiers, its schemes for keeping hidden the darker side which sometimes follows upon unsuccessful gambling. Monte Carlo, I insisted, deserved special consideration from the hands of the law-makers."

There is a lot to be said, of course, for providing suicides with a tasteful environment; but the present hardly strikes one as the moment for dwelling

on the sorrows of gamblers who have to blow out their brains sordidly deprived of the benefit of bougainvillaea.

It strikes me that there is a certain lack of proportion in the way Mr. Oppenheim writes of such matters. Talking of roulette, he says: "Of course, one has one's weaknesses for particular numbers, or it would not be worth playing. These preferences are founded only on the memory of past wins and a sort of dogged fidelity which is, after all, I think, one of the characteristics of our race."

Quite so. One readily concedes that no Jap or German may be conceived as having the necessary grit to go on superstitiously pinning hopes on a chance collection of numbers, though, no doubt, the gay dogs of the lost cities of Egypt and China were tough enough for this sort of thing.

But, alas! Monte Carlo isn't what it was. It is "a travesty of the past." With a world in ruins, and a certain amount of "dogged fidelity" showing itself in the bleak hell of the Russian winter as a characteristic of another race than our's, who, nevertheless, would be so hard as to refuse a tear to those who cling, despite all temptations to leave it, to the glories of Monte Carlo? There they remain, tenacious, doggedly faithful, to the last. "The ball still runs its course round the roulette wheel and sinks with that same fatalistic click into its appointed destination. It is true that eager eyes still follow it, but these eyes have lost the gleam of hope. The light-hearted joy of gambling has disappeared, and in some strange manner the people themselves seem to have changed. They are the phantoms of the perished world to whom sport has become a dreary toil."

How terrible a thing war is! And how dire are its consequences! The hope of something for nothing has faded, and there seems now little to expect but something for something, cause and effect strictly proportioned. Perhaps, though, it has always been like that if you look a little beneath the surface. Himself so hard-working an on-looker, Mr. Oppenheim might have realised that even a Maginot Line will not for ever avert doom from vicious idleness. He might have heard another ball running its course and sinking "with that same fatalistic click into its appointed destination."

WAR DIARY

We get back to reality with Mr. J. L. Hodson's *Before Daybreak*

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Oppenheim

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BEFORE DAYBREAK

By J. L. Hodson

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GENIUS OF FRIEND- SHIP: T. E. LAWRENCE

By Henry Williamson

(Faber, 10s. 6d.)

WINTER OF DIS- CONTENT

By Gilbert Frankau

(Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.)

A DEED WITHOUT A NAME

By Eden Phillpotts

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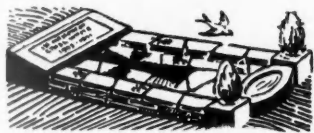
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(LOOK FOR CLOCK ON SOUTH SIDE) (100 YARDS FROM CRYSTAL ST.)
Sole Agents—WESTMINSTER BANK LTD. KINGS CROSS, N.1

(Gollancz, 7s. 6d.). This is the third
volume of Mr. Hodson's war diary.
The author has now gone as a war
correspondent to the East. In the
present book he gives us impressions of
England between the end of March
and the end of June, 1941.

A diary is necessarily a scattered
and "spotty" piece of work, given
cohesion and significance only if the
diarist is a man of mind and per-
sonality. Mr. Hodson certainly is that,
and all that he here writes is informed
with his passion for social righteous-
ness. On this point or that you may
not agree with him, but you cannot
fail to be moved by his candour, the
quickness of his sight and the warmth
of his heart.

ESSENCE OF WAR-TIME

So much is here covered that
it would be meaningless to try to
indicate the book's contents. There
are few parts of the war effort within
the borders of England that the author
has not looked at with his highly-
developed ability to pick out the
essence and present it briefly and
effectively. A good joke someone has
told him, a remark overheard in a
train, the burial of an R.A.F. man, a
dinner with a Cabinet Minister, troops
in training; it is all here, not merely
recorded but also commented on with
wisdom and humanity.

Concerning the second volume of
this diary Mr. H. G. Wells said: "It
is a new form; likely to replace the sort
of novel which is half contemporary
history and half a misapplied and
needless story." It is hardly likely to
do that, though one wishes it could;
but when Mr. Wells goes on: "Maybe
we are the last novelists," I can only
say this seems to me to be an im-
probable assumption. I hope that
J. L. Hodson himself will prove it
false. A soldier in the last war, a
journalist, novelist and dramatist
between the wars, a correspondent
who was with the Army in its
retreat to Dunkirk, the author of
these diaries, and now again a corre-
spondent in Libya, he is surely
equipping himself more fully than
anyone in Britain to give us, out of all
these scattered components, a great
novel of life in our times. That is
what I am waiting for from J. L.
Hodson; in the meantime, I gratefully
accept his diaries.

Henry Williamson's *Genius of
Friendship: T. E. Lawrence* (Faber,
10s. 6d.) is an account of the author's
friendship with Lawrence of Arabia.
It was a friendship which subsisted
chiefly on letters, and it lasted for
nearly ten years. Throughout that
time, the two men spent only a few
days in one another's company.
Lawrence had his R.A.F. work to do,
and that kept them apart.

At last the R.A.F. was done with,
and Lawrence, with 25s. a week,
settled into his cottage in Dorset.
Then, it seemed to Mr. Williamson,
this friendship, which for so long had
been of spirit with spirit, might
develop a closer physical aspect. He
wrote to Lawrence, saying that he
proposed to call upon him. Lawrence
went on his motor bicycle to send a
telegram of welcome, and on his way
back from the post office he met with
the accident which killed him.

This fatality broods over the
whole book. It is largely made up of
the letters between the two men, who
liked one another's work and made no
bones about saying so in full terms. It
is a small interesting addition to the grow-
ing bibliography of T. E. Lawrence.

Gilbert Frankau's *Winter of Dis-
content* (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) and

Eden Phillpotts's *A Deed Without a
Name* (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.) are two
strangely contrasting thrillers. Mr.
Frankau's depends to such an extent
on mechanical devices that he has a
note asking reviewers not to "give
away" his plot. Without giving any-
thing away, one may reveal that the
book deals with the murder of an
official in the Air Ministry, and that
the formula followed is the one
followed by a few hundred novels of
this sort every year: that is, you pile
up man after man, woman after
woman, who has some reason or other
for committing the crime, and as your
reader is making his choice you bob up
at the end with someone else whom
there seems no reason at all to suspect.

Within the scope of this formula,
Mr. Frankau works ably enough, and
he certainly makes it clear that for
some reason or other he has no love for
the Air Ministry. I have not before
read a "thriller" from his pen, and I
prefer him when he is not straight-
jacketed by so conventional a form of
working.

It is interesting to find Mr.
Phillpotts, the veteran of English
novelists, who has work of such
different calibre to his credit, challeng-
ing the youngsters of the thriller
market on their own ground, and, in
my view, beating them at it. Here
again, I shall not give away the plot.
I need only say that it concerns the
attempt of two South American
adventurers to capture the comforts of
an old Devon family, that murder is
involved, that the central "catch" of
the whole narrative is concealed and
sprung at the right moment with
masterly skill, and that—which is
unusual in "thrillers"—the whole
thing hangs by character.

Some of the conversation, par-
ticularly in the early part of the book,
is stilted and dowdy, but this handicap
does not outweigh the book's merits.

Mr. Arthur Machen in *A Handy
Dickens* (Constable, 8s. 6d.) has
chosen twenty-eight pieces, so that we
may carry the best of Dickens in our
pockets. He is the right worshipful
reader to be entrusted with a task
of this sort, for, having quoted
Barrie's opinion that Dickens is "next
to Shakespeare," he adds: "And at
one point, in the celestial tent where
the Immortals notch, the score is in
favour of Dickens."

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE

IN *The Timeless Land* (Williams and
Norgate, 2s.), Mr. Geoffrey John-
son is at his best when dealing
with nature. Other poems of his,
those into which human beings enter,
have echoes of Hardy, Wordsworth,
Browning; but at the world around
him he looks with his own eyes. For
instance:

In mellow weather, when the sun
Has the fine mealiness of the
moth's gold . . .

And his "Matins," delightful in every
line, pictures:

The joy of the moment's alight-
ing in a bird,
For whom the concave top of a
stump is enough
With its pool of newborn rain
To hold the sun and all the morn-
ing sky.
There, all creation focussed in his
eye,
He takes his bath . . .

It is to be noted that Mr. Johnson
keeps away from the war, and draws
our minds to small, shy beauties of
nature that are always there for our
healing and our hope. V. H. F.

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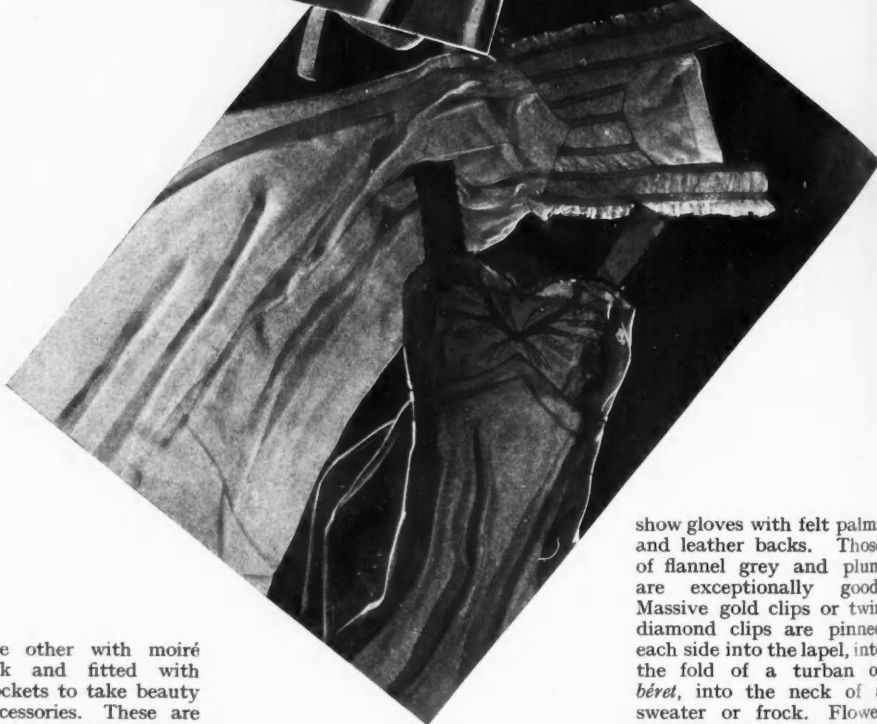
Irish crochet and white satin for a nightgown and a matching slip. The lace is inlet between gauged panels of satin. Walpoles.

FINAL TOUCHES



The White House are making up some of their lovely collection of old lace into lingerie, each piece being unique. The one we have photographed has a becoming Bertha of real lace in front; it is peach coloured pure silk satin.

The nightgown on the left is white Crêpe Suzette, the yoke smocked in narrow stripes of pale pink. The one on the right is appliqué with lilies of the valley and has matching cami-knickers. Harvey Nichols.



show gloves with felt palms and leather backs. Those of flannel grey and plum are exceptionally good. Massive gold clips or twin diamond clips are pinned each side into the lapel, into the fold of a turban or *béret*, into the neck of a sweater or frock. Flower spray brooches made from

THERE is an exhilaration in the air that has made itself felt in the styles for the Spring. We all work hard these days in factories, offices, homes, in the Services, on the land. We need clothes that are simple, unpretentious, charming, easy to get into, long lived. Then, because we require an antidote, when we relax we add colour, gaiety and frivolity in our accessories. There is a sparkle and exuberance in fashion that was not there last year—an epidemic of bright scarves, ribbons, gloves and bags, a new slant to hats. Beautiful jewellery is being worn again, not at night, but in the late afternoon. When the Duchess of Kent makes one of her rare appearances in London, she sometimes pins three diamond stars on the lapel of her plain black tailor-made. Nothing could be more elegant.

Thick plain sweaters are roped with necklaces, or glitter with collars or yokes of sequins or bead embroidery. The days when one could wear a cashmere sweater only with tweeds in the country are finished. Now they go through to bedtime. Gold necklaces, fringed or tasselled, made as a collar, are very smart, dipping to a "V" over a plain dark round-necked sweater. Pearls are twisted into huge, chunky choker necklaces, or interspersed with semi-precious stones. Baroque locket on wide chains make a splash of colour at the throat, or threaded on to bright velvet ribbons are tied at the back of the neck. Crisp grosgrain ribbons tie into a tailored bow at the base of the throat of a black sweater or coatfrock. Colours for these ribbons are vivid—violet, jade, mustard yellow or a red that is the clear sparkling red of a Paul's Scarlet climber rose. Bright grosgrain ribbons make multi-coloured tammies to brighten black coats. These tammies are circular, set on a headband and worn on the back of the head so that they form a halo of colour. Barrel muff-bags match. The bright colours, lemon, jade, lacquer red, violet, are set in front with the back in black grosgrain ribbon seamed together.

The smartest handbags are the satchel ones at Lillywhites that are slung over the shoulder like a dispatch rider's, and have two zipped compartments, one lined with a rubber material,

the other with moiré silk and fitted with pockets to take beauty accessories. These are made in black, navy, brown and a lovely clear red and are soft bags like the ones used for golf. This red, that I have mentioned before, the colour of a Paul's Scarlet climber rose, is strong in all accessories. It appears as ribbons on hats, in sweaters, jerkins, shirts, gloves, scarves, stockings, and as touches at the throat and wrists of plain, dark afternoon clothes. Fobs of bright red ribbon are pinned into lapels with an old brooch, to look like a military decoration. The wrists of full plain evening blouses are tied with ribbons.

There are charming gloves in the London shops to add drama to plain tailor-mades. At Harvey Nichols are angoras in one colour with a short rolled cuff of another. Fluffy yellow ones that look like baby chickens have red cuffs and sapphire blue ones. Harrods

semi-precious stones or large pastel beads are other popular lapel ornaments. The prettiest evening snoods are those at Debenhams and Freebody in oxidised gold, silver or copper. They cost 21s. 9d., are chic with a black frock matched up with a baroque necklace and bracelets. Bracelets are worn by the half dozen on one arm over plain dark sleeves, jangling bracelets hung with old seals, coins, charms or wide, rigid Victorian ones with clasps and encrusted with jewels.

The new fancy ribbed lisle stockings are smart with tweeds. You can get them at Harrods. So are the pigskin belts from Swaine and Adeney, quite plain or with purses like an ostler's. At Swaine and Adeney you can also buy pigskin belts, pouches, wallets, flasks for men.

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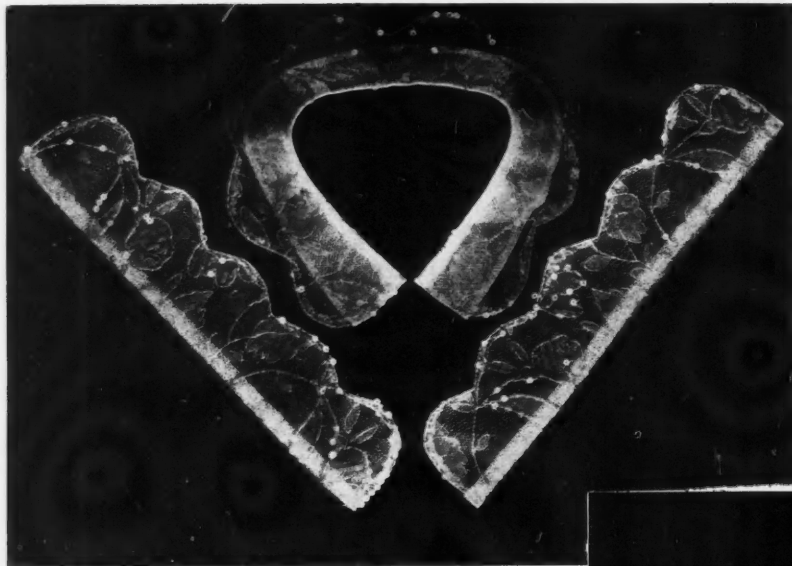
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Linen handkerchiefs are gaily flowered like a peasant's, and brilliant in colour. Gorrings have a superb collection, also of tailored cotton collars and cuffs, three of which we have photographed. At the White House are hand-knitted collars, cuffs and belts in fine, coloured string that are selling like hot cakes. Among the superb collection of old lace at the White House are some glorious pieces of Flanders lace that have been made up into Peter Pan collars. Here they are embroidering the Croix de Lorraine on to velvet scarves in Madonna blue or tomato red. Many women embroider their husband's Regimental crests on their scarves and tuck these into the V of their suits so that the crest shows. Knitted scarves ribbed and cut to look like a rug, look very well knotted at the throat with a real husky country coat.

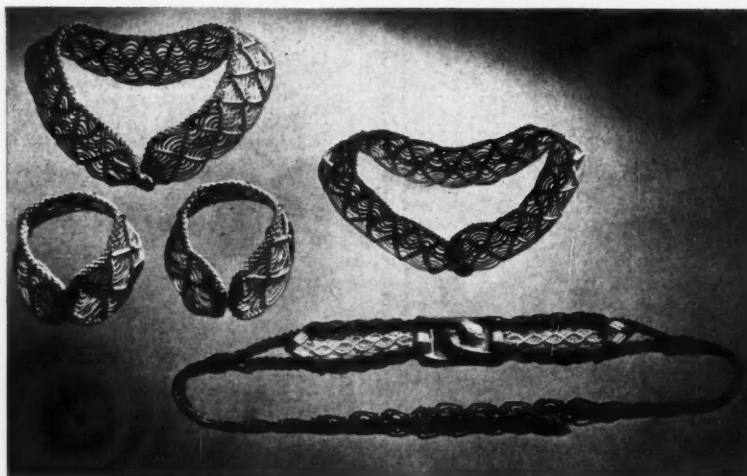
For wet weather I discovered a plaid raincoat at Harrods in tweed colourings with a clipped alpaca lining to the waist and a warm waterproof one from the waist down. This is one of the warmest, most practical country coats I have ever met. Colourings were good. A black corduroy waterproof for town had a hood faced with white.

Gardeners will find a collection of useful baskets at the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops in Brompton Road. Materials are getting very restricted, and some shapes are no more, but handy round baskets, shallow trays for flowers, wicker wheelbarrows are still available, also dear little garden chairs low to the ground, holding two round cushions made in the first place for children, but big enough to hold a small person in great comfort. There are still a few invalid tables to be had, baskets lined with zinc to hold flowers, and nests of sturdy log baskets.

At the White House are large stocks of beautiful bed linen. Single-bed sheets, hem-stitched by hand, in fine linen cost £5 10s. a pair. There will be no more when this stock has gone. There are exquisite embroidered top sheets, ranging in price from £12 10s., all hand-worked, each in a different design and containing some of the finest and most beautiful work I have ever seen. One was in scrolls of leaves, a delicate appliqué design in many graceful curves. Another showed a small shamrock pattern, another, tendrils of convolvulus twining round the top of the sheet. Real lace table cloths and luncheon sets come in all sizes and shapes, many copied from famous museum pieces. One in Venetian point with coarser inlets, entirely of lace, is copied from one of the table cloths in the Vatican. The White House are

Knitted String

Knitted by hand, these collars and cuffs are in all kinds of colours. The dotted set are ice blue picked out with scarlet. The belt has a wooden clasp, and the colourings are jade, red and natural. All from the White House.



Sequins and Lace

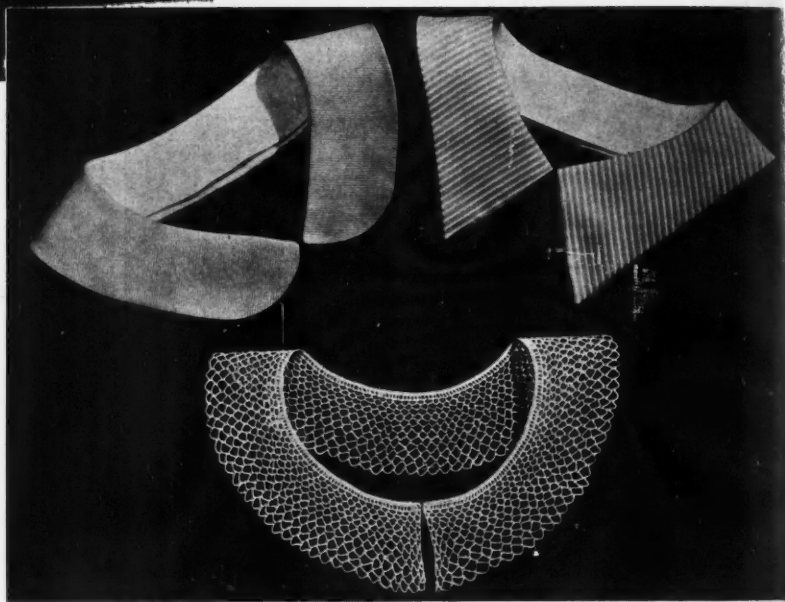
To sparkle on an afternoon dress, collars and cuffs in fine lace embroidered in sequins. We have photographed them in pale pink with mother-of-pearl sequins. They are also made all in puce or copper.

Harvey Nichols.

Tailored Cotton

Pink and white striped cotton collar made like a polo shirt, an Eton blue pique one, round and flat, and starched crocheted cotton. The two former tuck into the neck of a dress and come in blue, white, pink, cherry. The crochet one pins on top.

Frederick Gorrings.



making up some of their smaller pieces of real lace into Bertha collars and yokes for lingerie. Each nightgown is unique; none can be repeated as stocks cannot be replaced. They also hold lovely lace for layettes.

Among interesting shopping items noticed this week:—At Fortnum and Mason is the juice made from rose hips done up into small bottles; also marshmallow cream in jars, excellent for cake fillings, or for decorating sponges. At Marshall and Snelgrove are gay cotton braids, narrow and wide, the wider ones striped like a schoolboy's belt. The narrow ones would be charming for binding cotton aprons, edging luncheon mats, making into the straps for pinafore dresses. Seamed together, they would make pretty tammies for children or boleros for grown-ups. Dark blue, dark red, dark green narrow widths have a kind of feathery design running down the centre. The wider ones are multi-coloured. They would make charming slippers for the beach, garden, or for very hot weather.

At Fortnum and Mason are knitted knee caps, made for ambulance drivers, now being bought by travellers as well. These pull on to cover the knee and come right down to the calf of the leg. They do not require coupons. At Asprey are some lovely watches, mostly in singletons. There is a watch set in the handle of a black crocodile riding crop, with a shutter that slips over, and makes it absolutely safe. A ruby and diamond fob watch has a face no bigger than a thumb nail, attached to a flexible plaited ribbon with a cluster of brilliants. Watches are set into a flag to be pinned in the button-hole, some in gold, some in enamel. Watches are set in key rings, in latch keys, in rings; a few sports fobs are in leather and bloodstone.

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